DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 131 492 CS 203 074

AUTHOR Buller, Grace, Ed.; McDonough, Irma, Ed.
TITLE Creative Literature in Canada Symposium.
PUB DATE 74
NOTE 57p.; Proceedings of a meeting held at Hart House, University of Toronto, March 7-8, 1974

EDRS PRICE MF-$0.83 HC-$3.50 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS Annotated Bibliographies; *Canadian Literature; Childrens Books; Childrens Literature; *Creative Writing; *Fiction; Novels; Poetry; *Twentieth Century Literature

ABSTRACT

The contents of this booklet were presented at a symposium on Canadian creative literature at the University of Toronto in March 1974. Included are five papers, summaries of two talks (one by Bill Sault on the oral tradition of Canada's native peoples and one by Robert Weaver on discovering and encouraging Canadian writers) and of a panel discussion on the agencies between authors and their public, and an annotated bibliography on creative literature in Canada. The papers and authors are "Canadian Writing Today" by Marian Engel, "Some Opinions on Canadian Poetry" by Al Purdy, "The French-Canadian Novel, 1967-1972--An Overview" by Ben Shek, "Creative Literature for Children in Canada" by Ruth Nichols, and "Making Modern Canadian Children's Books" by Irma McDonough. (JM)

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Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities

The CREATIVE LITERATURE IN CANADA SYMPOSIUM was organized by Grace Buller and Irma McDonough assisted by Bonnie Smiley and Doris Dowell of the Provincial Library Service Staff and held at Hart House, University of Toronto, March 7 and 8, 1974.

CS 203 074

Marian Engel, novelist, author of *No Clouds of Glory*, *The Honeyman Festival*, *Monodromos*, and the children's book, *Adventure at Moon Bay Towers*.

When I come to talk about writers I have a strong feeling that there is probably some lurking genius whose work I have entirely missed. I read a great deal when I am not writing. When I'm working on a book I read the Encyclopedia Britannica — the prose of the 11th edition is as good as its reputation — and what French books I can lay my hands on. But it was 1957 when I last sat down to develop a coherent thesis on Canadian writing. What I have to say today comes more out of experience than scholarly research.

I had hoped when I wrote this speech to be able to rely on Margaret Atwood's *Survival*. Alas, of the three copies of that book I have bought, three have wandered out of our house in other peoples' pockets. I am a patriotic Canadian book buyer — a subject to which I will eventually return — but three copies is enough. So all I will be able to say to you about that book is that it has aroused more interest in Canadian writing than any other. It is certainly a better book to my mind than *Read Canadian*. If its thesis — that the great Canadian theme is survival, that if *Moby Dick* had been written by a Canadian the book would have been written from the whale's point of view — is both apt and witty. I myself, as a survivor, see nothing dreary in being one. Survivors after all, are winners.

The Canadian literary scene — in English, at least — is curious today. The Canadian novelist is like the proverbial ugly girl: because he is not in great demand, he has a lot of freedom. Freedom has done him good, and despite the cries of the Irish critical community, I think that grants have done him good. He can write more or less what he wants, and more or less get it published. The fly in the ointment at the moment seems to be that it is doubtful that his books reach the public as they should.

Let's go back over that and divide this address into three parts. First — there are some very, very interesting Canadian writers around now. They are more interesting than the twenties-to-fifties generation of writers on whom I did my MA thesis with considerable moaning and groaning. And they have a kind of freedom that writers in other countries do not necessarily have.

I was born in 1933, and I think I was born wanting to write books. I sold little ar-

ticles to the Sunday School papers, went to university, and wondered where to go from there in order to become a writer. The choices in those days for people with no particular bent were OCE, which I refused to attend on the good grounds that my father was a teacher and I wanted to know a wider world than that one; and, I believe, Procter and Gamble, which was looking for soap-researchers. I was at my wit's end wondering what to do when a letter came from McGill saying I could do an MA there and work my way through as an assistant to assistant Warden in the Royal Victoria College, the women's residence Lord Strathcona built. I went like a shot.

I had no idea at first what to study. Then I discovered that Hugh MacLennan was on the faculty. I registered for two of his courses and discovered that he was a magnificent lecturer. I went to him and asked if I could do a thesis with him. He let me know that he did not teach creative writing; I said that was fine because I for one didn't **take** creative writing — I was always proud. We decided on a survey of Canadian novels between 1922 and 1955.

MacLennan was a wonderful teacher. He cared more deeply about writing than anyone I had hitherto met. For two years we talked up a storm about Canadian writing, he of course being much more aware than I was that the reason I was doing all this was to see if there was a place for me in the picture. He spoke eloquently of the difficult times he had had, of how hard it had been before the war for all writers. One by one, we went through the novels we could lay our hands on (the librarian at McGill at that time refused point-blank to buy Canadian fiction) that had come out in Canada since 1922. Aside from a few books I will mention in this address, they were a depressing lot.

There was Frederick Philip Grove if you had the patience for him, and I was young and did not. He was even then a towering figure in Canadian letters, but an unattractive one. There were MacLennan himself, and Morley Callaghan. There was Gwethalyn Graham, there was Constance Beresford-Howe, who also taught at McGill. And then there were the new people.

The Ryerson Press did worthy work in the twenties and thirties bringing out Canadian books and during the war, British branch plants like Collins, unable to ship plates over here, began printing Canadian writers for something to do. But for the serious writer in the thirties and forties, Canada was virtually a desert. People didn't have the money to buy books, and I suppose under the heading "Canadiana" they expected to be resupplied with the sugar samples of Ralph Connor, Marian Keith and L.M. Montgomery, who were all very well in their way, but not quite up to date for a generation who teethed on Hemingway, Dos Passos and Virginia Woolf. The impulse to write seriously in and about this country was dampened because it was cut off at the readership end. It survived only in writers who like MacLennan and Callaghan had European and American audiences, or who like Grove had built up a Canadian academic audience.

In the fifties, however, a new generation emerged. Those were exciting times. *Tamarack Review*, the CBC Stage series, and of course Robert Weaver all encouraged Canadian talent. There seemed to most of us also something less formidable about New York than there was to our fathers, so some of us headed down there. And I think a lot of people who got to university and read modern literature just sat down to create it out of their own fabric whether they could find a market for it themselves or not.

Remember *The Mountain and the Valley* Ernest Buckler's novel, the story of the young man who grieves for success from his Nova Scotia homestead? The most moving part of that novel is his climbing on the mountain and shouting out "my book won the prize!" That struck a chord in all of us who wanted to be writers. And a lot

of us did. We had, after all, had decent schools and public libraries. Many of us went to university. We could get jobs to sub ourselves while we wrote. We began to write our hearts out.

In this period Adele Wiseman, Mordecai Richler and Robertson Davies emerged. *Tamarack Review* made Ethel Wilson, well known. She was an older British Columbia writer, an English woman; that was why she had no inhibitions about becoming a writer. P.K. Page, already known as a poet, had a book published, now just reprinted by Anansi. Hugh Garner, who had been slugging since the end of the war, in his own independent way, won the Governor General's Award.

Suddenly, in addition to prairie hardiness, Ontario Sunday Schools and Vancouver coyness (I remember having to go through a novel that called Vancouver and Victoria Gad and Askelon and retching), we had the valuable international Jewish viewpoint — Jewish writers came from households with a respect for literature and no thought that it should be about nature only — English sensitivity, poetic sensibility, and Davies' pseudo English early wryness.

I don't mean when I say these things that there were no good novels before. There were. In addition to MacLennan and Callaghan we had Raymond Knister in the twenties, but he died; Sinclair Ross's *As For Me and My House*, in the forties: it was a sleeper, and J.C. Stead's *Grain*. Returned veterans brought stories and a new sophistication. A lot of their novels, like James Benson Nablo's *The Long November*, died. But we oughtn't to forget that Ron Hambleton and Len Peterson and Earle Birney all wrote and published post-war novels, which sold their fifty copies and disappeared, although fortunately Earle Birney's *Turvey* has been reprinted.

But after 1950 the writers began to come on strong. Birney published *Down the Long Table*, one of the few Canadian anti-McCarthy books. Brian Moore came to Canada. Mavis Gallant left, and began writing for *The New Yorker* in Paris. Garner and Callaghan and MacLennan continued to write; Davies turned to plays and grew; John Glassco turned away from pornography to have his memoirs issued; Norman Levine emerged in England.

Then, in the sixties, the numbers again began to multiply. When I finished my thesis in 1957 I had never heard of Jack Ludwig, Margaret Laurence, Gwendolyn McEwen, or even Marshall McLuhan. Last fall, in 1973, sixty Canadian novelists, short story writers and prose writers in general joined to form a Union. What happened that there should be so many so soon?

Two things: more publishers, more grants. Or maybe three, if you take the population explosion into account. There are now literally hundreds of good writers in this country. The number of brilliant ones, is of course still relative to the number of brilliant people produced in each generation: few. But the level of craftsmanship is high and in some ways there are opportunities for writers here that there are no where else I know of.

Once Canada Council grants and other forms of encouragement became available, older writers began to be able to produce more books. Some writers, like Mordecai Richler, worked independent of assistance to commercial success in England and the US. A group of younger writers, feeling that the traditional publishing houses were not paying due attention to experimental writing, formed the House of Anansi. David Godfrey left Anansi, formed New Press with Roy MacSkimming and James Bacque. Because of justified fears that there would be no wholly-Canadian-owned houses left if the US bought any more of our publishers, the Governments of Ontario and Canada made grants available against the publication of Canadian books. Since that time, publishers have been shooting up like dandelions.

This doesn't mean to say that the writer's situation here and now is easy. For one thing, neither old nor new publishers in Canada pay their writers well, and many of them write the sort of contracts we thought had gone out with Uriah Heep and Scrooge, which is why we formed the Union — partly why. For another, publishers are having a difficult time reaching the Canadian public, selling our novels, collections of short stories, and essays. We are not yet on easy street.

I don't want to carp at the new publishers. I think some of them are wonderful. I do feel that some of them don't know, and others don't care enough about business. There are a few who publish for publishing's sake and don't bother to try to sell. There are others who sell well, and offer poor contracts. The main thing is, however, that they have made available to the public books that would otherwise not have reached it.

What sort of books? New, experimental fiction for one thing. Such writers as Peter Such, Ray Smith and Dave Godfrey were first published by the House of Anansi. Margaret Atwood and Dennis Lee were among Anansi's first poets. Peter Martin made Larry Garber's *Tales from the Quarter* available in Canada. James Lorimer brought out *The History of Canadian Wealth* by Gustavus Myers, a fascinating opposition — history, as well as his own sociological books and Heather Robertson's Michael Macklem of Oberon Press has taken up such writers as Hugh Hood and David Helwig, fine craftsmen both, and published them in his $2.50 to $3.50 paperbacks. He also does short story anthologies. Since many serious writers make a lot of their writing income from selling short stories to CBC radio, there is a constant supply of anthology material and Macklem has taken advantage of this. Sono Nis, the BC publisher, has John Michael Yates and Robert Harlow on its list, among others.

On the grounds of making material available, then, there are reasons to praise the small publishers highly. There is, however, an unrewarding problem here. Although James Lewis and Samuel, Lorimer's firm, and Anansi and Peter Martin Associates have recently established their own distribution firm, on the whole the small publishers have a devil of a time getting their books into the stores. Such large scale operations as Coles, Eatons and Simpsons on the whole are uncooperative about stocking them. Some of the smaller booksellers don't even know their addresses. I know the Independent Publishers' Association is making great efforts to make backlist books available across the country and I hope they succeed, but public awareness of small publishers' activities is still not great. I doubt that they are quite as inefficient as booksellers claim. I imagine that they seem to clutter up the bookselling scene, and there is a resistance to ordering from them. It's too hard to keep track of the small-fry, people seem to think. My own new book, *Monodromos*, published by the House of Anansi, is not on the whole available outside Toronto and I think that's a shame. Not the publisher's fault, either. I find that depressing. For one thing, it means that I have to buy cases of it so my friends can have copies, and that's expensive. For another, it means I'm not reaching the public, and that the book is more easily available from Bookscanada in New York than in Montreal and Vancouver. Sales are low. I suffer, the publishers suffer. I don't know who's responsible, but it's a serious problem. I'd like eventually to see some recognition of moral responsibility towards Canadian creative writing on the part of booksellers and of course libraries. One does resent being put on a Canadiana rack at the back of a store with the moose horns and the books about pioneer tatting, instead of up front with Jackie Susann.

What about the big fry publishers? The two Canadian-owned publishers, McClelland and Stewart and Macmillan of Canada Ltd., now owned by Maclean-Hunter, have taken notoriously good care of their authors, and are much to be praised.

McClelland has always seen to it that he has a corner on the creative market and Margaret Laurence, Pierre Berton, Farley Mowat and Rudy Wiebe are stars on his list. In addition, he has promoted the New Canadian Library series, keeping such classics as *As For Me and My House*, and Shiela Watson's *The Double Hook* in print. On principle and regardless of losses he has promised Canadian literature and he deserves high praise. I don't believe in saints; I imagine he has his faults, but I think the job he has done has been wonderful. If you want to build up the Canadian section in your libraries, by all means order from the New Canadian Library. If it had been in existence when I did my thesis I'd have had an easier time.

Macmillan was for a long time a distinguished British house. I remember Hugh MacLennan used to get a kick out of saying, "my publisher — the Prime Minister of England, of course . . ." Its Canadian operation was primarily an import house, but it took pride in publishing a number of Canadians of the ilk of MacLennan and now Leo Simpson, Richard B. Wright and Gwendolyn MacEwen, all very fine but not necessarily moneymaking writers. What the new management will bring I do not know.

Most of the other publishers — except Clarke Irwin, best known as publishers of Emily Carr and *Ultimatum*, are US owned. They tend to have a few lip-service Canadian authors but to be run along very, very strict financial lines. They will distribute your books in both the USA and Canada, but woe betide you if you lose them a dime. It's a bitter thing to be brought out by a branch plant to a reasonable success, thinking, nobody expects a first novel to make money — and then to be dropped. You just have to put your dukes up and say to hell with them and go to a house like Anansi.

Now, the point of all these remarks is to advise you of some of the facts, financial and otherwise, of the book business, because the book business is not going to survive without your help. On the surface it looks very prosperous, but particularly in the fiction line, it's in a precarious position. As costs go up — and I'm disgusted to see book prices rise because of the paper shortage on books I *know* were printed before that — it's going to be more important to get people to buy, not paperbacks but hardbound books, and people aren't going to want to when new novels are $10 and $12.

Why should they, they ask, when later I can get the paperback? The answer is of course that the paperback won't appear unless the hardback covers the cost of editing and producing the original book. In Canada, I think — in fact I know because of recent union arguments — there is a tendency on the part of editors to over-edit, a maddening one. The editing of manuscripts is chiefly a matter of straightening out syntax and punctuation, repetitions, references, names, and so on. If, on the other hand, your editor is a frustrated writer, there may be a tendency on his part to over rewrite. I recently heard of a case where a writer had his manuscript rewritten by a publisher *without* permission! But that's an exception. Writers have to watch their editors. When I was working with Dennis Lee I used to get him to make too many of my decisions for me, and he, in return, would slip the odd non-Engel word into the text (I've never said "golly" in my life, I swear), and I'd pounce on him and he'd say, "Now look, just start this chapter over again and get it all in and don't look to me as a father figure." Or something like that. That was a terrific relationship, one we'd both like to give up now in case it goes sour, but a rare one. One that seems to have surfaced more often in recent years is that where the editor recasts the mentality of a book and asks the writer to rewrite it along his lines. I don't approve of that.

Costs, though, again: editors don't get paid much, but they must be paid. So must printers, designers, and paper suppliers. Overhead at the publishing house is spread

among the new books on a publisher's list. The writer, if he is lucky, gets ten percent. All these must be paid out of the budget for a book. Now, if a book is going to sell only 2,000 copies — as even Richard Wright's new book is expected to do — that book must be expensive enough to pay its way on a sale of 2,000; not an easy or cheap proposition.

Library sales are important. I know librarians like to keep their costs down by buying paperbacks. So do we all. But the only people I see being extravagant about buying new hardbacks these days seem to be writers, who make very little (10% of the $16,000 brought in by the sale of 2,000 copies of an $8 hardback is only $1,600, often for two years work, and then the publisher deducts money for the copies you've sent to your friends and for your advance; there's no real gravy left at the end (unless your book makes a splash in the USA.) I want the public always to keep in mind that though books are expensive a new hardbound book is a precious thing. And if they don't buy it, they may find it doesn't happen any more. The government is at the moment being generous with publishers, but if that support ever ends, so will original publishing.

Publishers manage in strange ways. I don't know enough about the business yet, though I've been trying to learn more about it. My present researches have brought me only to the conclusion that publishing is a more despairing profession than writing. I tried to talk a publisher into putting books up from $7.95 to $8 and giving the writer the extra nickel. He almost reduced me to tears with his reasons why this could not be done. Publishers, I think, ought to learn a more creative form of cost-accounting. What writers should do, I do not really know.

I do think they ought not to work for nothing, since literary critics, librarians, publishers and arts council employees all take salaries home. There is a theory abroad that once you are a known writer you should make your money from subsidiary activities — article writing and teaching for instance. I, for one, am not free to teach; and I find that the kind of articles I can write put me in a category that frightens me: the kind of commercial journalism I can do is at terrible odds with the kinds of novels I can write, and that is an either/or situation. So I am left to demand real money for books and speeches.

What worries me more and more about this is that we are living off the tail end of a 19th century idea of publishing and maybe we're all going out with the bathwater. Certainly costs of book production are very high at the moment, and increasing. Public demand is mostly for cheap paperbound books, but as I said before they probably can't be produced cheaply without the cost of editing and typesetting being covered by hardcover purchases. I do not agree with Marshall McLuhan that the book is going out, but of course there's a good deal of self-interest in my refusal to believe this. I do, however, think that we are in a period of change in the book business, and that authors are not the only elements in the complex chain that brings reading to the public who are asking for change.

When the Writers' Union of Canada formed in November of 1973, one of the demands written into our charter was that Canadian books should be treated in their own country on the same terms as foreign books, if not on better terms. The loathsome relegation to "Canadiana" sections is something we shall fight against — even if it is good for the tourist business, as some booksellers say. We count on librarians, who have always been sympathetic in this respect, to help us in this battle. I don't claim to be a better writer than Iris Murdoch, but I claim the right to have my books on library shelves in an equal position to hers in my own country. Canadians should not be deprived of good literature because of nationalism — in fact, one of the benefits of being Canadian is that here one can be well read in both

US and British literature — but they should not be neglected in their own country because they're not fashionably foreign. Those days, I hope, are gone forever.

I wonder, though, what impression Canadian writers are making on their public: if, in fact, they are reaching it? I read on a chart a month or so ago that the Canadian content of the Mississauga Public Library was less than 2%. I hope that figure was inaccurate. I urge you to buy your country's own writers, for their sake and the sake of the public. They cannot survive without your help; and since your job is to bring reading matter to the public, if you do not bring your own writers' work to the public, you will be considered to have failed.

I suppose it's overbearing of me to take this high moral tone, but in my day, libraries were only too willing to take the same tone with their members. They knew what they were about, then; they were understocked and understaffed, but they had a certainty of purpose; they were asked to serve the community in simpler ways than you are asked to do now.

Still, if my plea to have you buy Canadian books is not without self-interest, I think it is in line with the needs of Canadian communities now. The book is the only medium of communication of information that is suitable for lengthy contemplation. Cassettes, films, video tapes and records are all by their nature ephemeral. Books have lasted hundreds of years. The demand for them will continue for hundreds more, even if the form of production may eventually differ from that we know now.

I have at Mrs. Buller's request made up a list of books I think most Canadian public libraries should have. These are primarily works of fiction in English, for that is my field. I will speak briefly now of a few writers I think are especially important. I have also made up an amateurish sort of reading-list for your future reference. (See page 54 for this list.)

Of the writers who have emerged in Canada during the past 15 years two of the finest are Margaret Laurence and Rudy Wiebe. Both westerners of a puritanical background, they have employed their inbred seriousness on the subject of their own inheritance with great effect. Laurence, best known for *The Stone Angel*, sets most of her work in Manawaka, Manitoba, a mythical hometown. Book by book, she has dissected this community in its dryness and toughness. Her books have struck a chord with all of us who lived through the thirties in those mentally confined quarters, and with all women — and with all literate Canadians. Her new book, *The Diviners* comes out in April. Here, I think, she reaches the height of her considerable power, writing with strength and bravado, using pastiche and lyrical narrative, realism and song, to achieve the full effect of a life passing. It's a warm, human, loving and funny book and its appeal will be very wide indeed. I have read the proofs in order to do an article on the book, and I can honestly say I stayed up all night, reading and fascinated.

Wiebe is an Alberta Mennonite. One of his early books, *The Blue Mountains of China*, dealt with the history of his own people. His latest book, *The Temptations of Big Bear* is much more than the historical novel it at first appears to be. It's an exploration of the history of the western Indians through the eyes of many people; principally, of course, Big Bear, the Plains Indian chief who refused to sign his land away in favour of a small reserve. Wiebe performs the deepest feat of imagining these people, white and Indian, and his prose manages to match the rolling sweep of the prairies in its magnificence. The book is a very fine achievement and you should press it on your readers.

Indian novels were popular with publishers this year. W.O. Mitchell wrote *The Vanishing Point*, Robert Kroetsch *Gone Indian* and Peter Such *Riverrun*. Leo Simp-

son, an artful exponent of 18th century technique, in *The Peacock Papers*, countermanded this movement with some genuine ignoble savages; the battle took place in a library. If you haven't read it, do.

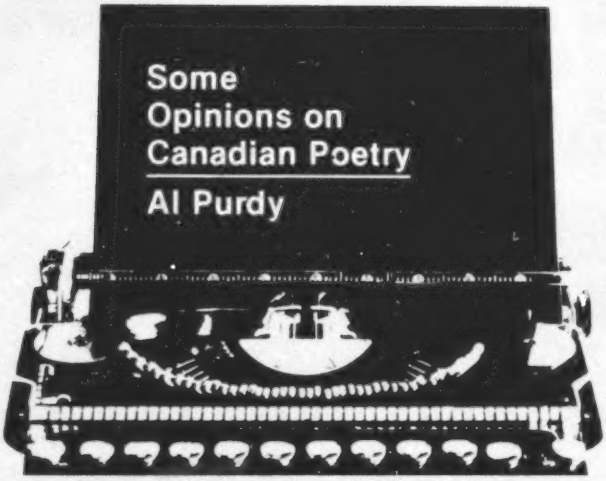
Hugh MacLennan, when I worked with him, used to say perhaps his books were overly geographical but someone had to map the territory. The delightful thing about being a Canadian writer is that the country is not yet written over, used up. There is masses of it that hasn't had a serious word printed over it. Where's the *new* Nova Scotia novel? No one's written a good one for years — that I remember (you have to recall here that I have a memory like a tack) New Brunswick? There must be a lot of material there, but between the UEL poet Bailey's diaries, and Kent Thompson's *The Tenants Were Corrie and Tennie*, there's only one section of *The Watch that Ends the Night*. My own stamping ground of Western Ontario has given rise to many writers — Harry Boyle, Alice Munro, Graeme Gibson, even Robertson Davies confesses to his origin there, but as a setting it remains almost virginal. We don't have to use angst and Viet Nam and the energy crisis for our material here — they don't press in on us as they do in the US — but there are many themes almost untouched in Canada. Not very many political books; pioneer themes are just emerging, along with Indian themes. There is, in fact, a great deal still to be written about, and the young writer in Canada can still feel that without being out of touch with the world, he can mine his own experiences without being trite. We haven't yet had our James Joyce, or Proust, or Virginia Woolf.

What the young writer can't do here is make very much money. That doesn't matter when he has another source of income, but patrons are gone and so for the most part is inherited wealth. When, therefore you hear writers demanding Public Lending Right fees from the Federal Government, I hope you will keep in mind the fact that it's the devil's own job for a non-best-selling writer to make $3,000 a year. Enough said.

Because I don't think there are enough Canadian books in our libraries I have prepared a list of fiction and belles lettres that I would put in *my* library (as a matter of fact most of them are in my library — and not all review copies either). But this is not an official list in any way. It's eclectic in a way and in another political: I got the authors' names mostly from going down the Writers' Union list. But I do think all the books on it have merit and should be widely circulated.

We have good writers in this country. They are under-read. Some of them are ahead of their time, some lack the human touch. But any of them are capable of striking a more human chord than those writers who used to be sold in package deals to public libraries — one Western, one Mystery, one Romance — by itinerant salesmen. We are better than that. What Canadian writers are peddling to you is the stuff of Canadian life itself. Some readers are resistant to that. They are not used to life going on in Greenock Swamp, St. Augustine, Sarnia, Medicine Hat, Kamloops, or Manawaka. They will be better people if they read about themselves at home. After all, I venture to suggest that most Canadian women writers got the idea of being writers from *Emily Climbs* and *The Canadian Girl's Own Page*. Or Northrop Frye.

So I urge you in the corniest terms to buy Canadian and be Canadian. It's a kind of consciousness-raising. Once you feel that Canadian is natural rather than special, you'll be all right. Canadian books aren't dreary any more. Neither, with your help, is being a Canadian writer.



Al Purdy, poet and editor, winner of Governor General's Award; author of *Cariboo Horses*, *Fifteen Winds*, *Love in a Burning Building*, *North of Summer*, *Storm Warning*, *Wild Grape Wine*, *Purdy Selected*, and *Sex and Death*.

Poetry in English Canada began in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. It was imitative of the poetry being written in England at that time, and could hardly be anything else. I would expect Greek settlers on the island of Sicily before Christ to write in hometown Athens jargon, and Romans in Gaul to mourn the Seven Hills or the Tiber River and scorn the barbarians all around them. Greeks stayed Greeks and Romans Romans until they became full citizens of Sicily, Gaul, or wherever it was.

Thus the early immigrants in the British colonies of North America moaned and whined for their homeland. The United Empire Loyalists, who fled to Canada after the American Revolution, had additional cause for mourning: they were double losers, twice removed from the nostalgic slums of England and lush New York State farmlands from which many of them came. The Irish Potato famine of the 1840's and the dispossession of Scotch crofters 50 years before that also supplied many thousands of immigrants. These latter had few Bobbie Burns among them, and at first were probably too glad they'd escaped starvation to write many poetic effusions about the new country. It was principally the middle-class English settlers and somewhat educated UEL's who did all the belly-aching. Such as UEL Joseph Stansbury who, presumably, escaped from the former 13 Colonies without having to remove a coat of tar and feathers.

> Believe me, Love, this vagrant life
> O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
> While far from children, friends, or wife,
> Or place that I can call a home,
> Delights me not; — another way
> My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.

In fact it was only the people with some slight education who did any writing at all; this of course to be expected. The Moodies, Traills and Stricklands of Upper Canada. The Stansburys and Haliburtons of the Maritimes. *The Literary Garland*, first published in Montreal in 1839, *The Victoria Magazine*, edited by Mrs. Moodie

and her husband in Belleville, Upper Canada — these periodicals give some idea of the wailing sense of loss felt by half-citizens of the country that became Canada.

And here I should remark that I'm not considering French Canadian writing at all. First because I don't know enough about it, and second because I think many early Quebec writers had similar emotions to later settlers in English-speaking Canada. With perhaps a slight difference: they came to feel at home much more quickly on their farms along the St. Lawrence, even if they didn't write about it until much later. Ringuet's *Forty Acres* is an example of what I mean.

Looking back over this early writing in Upper Canada and the Maritime colonies, the first temptation is to say, Ohmigawd, how could they be so dull? And yet, look at English writing of the same period, and one is not overwhelmed with a sense of literary greatness. William Blake, Byron, the Brownings, Coleridge and a few others were the high points. Among the small and scattered population of Canada at that time, it's a little unjust to expect any writer to rise above the least common denominator of mediocrity. Although I do believe strongly that a sense of being part of any country is necessary to good writing, a sense of citizenship so inherent that it may be partially forgotten, and becomes part of the unselfconscious identity. This may happen as a result of violent revolutionary process as in the US, or else in the very slow accretion of details that make up the past history of what becomes the present tense of Canada.

Let's skip ahead in time to the 1860's, and talk about the so-called Confederation Poets, writers most of us were afflicted with during school-days. Principal figures were Bliss Carman, Charles G.D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott and Archibald Lampman. There were others, such as Wilfred Campbell, Pauline Johnson somewhat later, and many lesser known names. When Roberts' *Orion* was published in 1880, a much-quoted anecdote has Archibald Lampman shrieking "Eureka" or some such harmless expletive on reading it, he presumably being surprised that such good poetry had been produced in Canada.

I can't agree with Archibald. The poems of *Orion* strike me as awful, not to say crap. But then, I feel that about the poetry of any age. About 90 per cent of any period's writing can be dismissed by other than literary historians, which I seem to have become very temporarily. And that 90 per cent figure might be raised even higher, leaving about one per cent of the poetry of any age worth reading.

Speaking of the Confederation Poets, R.E. Rashley said of their work, "Human values are understood and communicated in terms of nature. Nature has become the process by which life is apprehended." (And I guess the same could be said about the English Lake Poets.) The Confederation boys were also enthused about the British Empire, loyalty to the crown etc., and probably motherhood. These are not ideas we are likely to give two hoots of other than derision about in 1974. In fact, I'm still very embarrassed by one of D.C. Scott's loyal effusions learned in schooldays, and which I have struggled to forget ever since.

But in speaking about this period, one could say that for the first time some Canadian writers were writing as Canadians. Sure, they talked about Canadian nature in romantic English terms: but there was no doubt they lived here and felt their clichés here. There were even some good poems being written, part of that previously mentioned one percent. In my opinion, the two best of the Confederation Poets were Bliss Carman and Duncan Campbell Scott. Examining Scott's best poems today, his language approximates the mixture of everyday speech-jargon plus dictionary words, which is the prosody I aim for myself. In a privately printed pamphlet Scott wrote some verses supposed to be Byron's comments on discovering Wordsworth's love affair with a French girl. One verse deserves quotation:

Not that I blame him for this charming bastard,
Got in the lusty plains of sunny France;
The best of us at times are overmastered
By a fine woman and a happy chance.
But when I think of that old Poet plastered
And whited o'er with praise, it makes me dance
That he could pose and smirk and safely do it,
'Twas quite all right so long as no one knew it.

Despite the twas and o'er, the male chauvinist pig sentiments expressed in the supposed mouth of Byron are not completely anachronistic in 1974.

And Bliss Carman, despite modern strictures that he wrote too much in unnatural-to-speech and ding-dong-bell rhythms, also came up with *Low Tide on Grand Pré*:

Was it a year or lives ago
We took the grasses in our hands
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

Despite the so-called larger figures of the Confederation Poets, it is a seldom-mentioned newspaperman, founder of the *Montreal Star*, who surmounts all of them in my love for one chortling verse that parodies Tennyson and Walter Scott among others. His name was George Lanigan. News came over the wire late at night when Lanigan was on duty sometime around 1870 that an eastern potentate, the Ahkoond of Swat, was dead.

Sorrow Swats! (said George Lanigan)
Swats wha' hae' wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he had often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be.

Of course that's Walter Scott's "Scots Wha Hae" as well as Lanigan.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!

The Ahkoond is dead!
For the Ahkoond I mourn.
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoondn't.

Which kinda slinks along behind Tennyson's *Ode to the Death of the Duke of Wellington* but anticipates Ogden Nash putting the hex on stuffed shirts. And there wasn't a dry eye in the place.

But let's leave the Confederation boys to their well-deserved reward of near-oblivion the same reward practically all of us present-day scribblers will also achieve and merit. They were Canadians of their own day, that Victorian era we have succeeded if not entirely escaped. I skip over many names with bare mention, or none at all, that respected critics believe very important. I don't, except as part of the mosaic of literary history, which is a reflection and reaction of both personal and national concerns.

One very curious thing about Canadian criticism — and that includes the writers themselves who also do a great deal of criticism — Canadian writing is accused of looking inward, of being parochial, and yet at the same time having a slavish colonial dependence on first Britain and then, somewhat differently, on the US. Northrop Frye describes a 'garrison mentality', which is sufficiently explanatory and picturesque of itself without supplying illustrations. It's also beyond argument that the various clichés adding up to 'vast lonely land' have, in some critics, stymied their own criticism at the point. Of course all these various symptoms of illness are interesting to the patient to a degree that his very self-absorption in them might perhaps be called a degree of good health.

We come to the moderns without pausing at intermediary figures, the first being E.J. Pratt, who appeared in the early 1920's. Most of us are aware that Pratt wrote epics, long narratives in which both human and natural strength was foremost. Canadian themes like the Jesuit martyrs, building the CPR, also more international subjects. The concept emerging from these poems seems to me a world-view, philosophy expressed as heroism, brute strength, dignity, man facing overwhelming odds but refusing to yield, as in *The Truant*. As against this we have John Sutherland's view that Pratt's poems will yield their grace only to a Christian interpretation.

Few would argue that Pratt is not a major figure in a Canadian context. But to me the odd thing about him is that he had little or no impact and effect on his own generation of writers or the succeeding one. This impact on your contemporaries is supposed to be a characteristic of great writers, such as Eliot, Yeats, Whitman, Dylan Thomas and others. But nobody imitates Pratt as no one writes like Robinson Jeffers either. Here I resist (almost) temptation to come up with grandiose phrases like 'vast lonely figure looming against the sky' — because personally, I don't like Pratt much. He writes as if he had never fallen in love, or quarreled with his wife, or cut his finger with a bread knife. Or felt shame, personal loss, etc. Nevertheless, he remains a vast lonely figure looming against the sky.

I regard the poets following Pratt as largely separate from him, with many near-humans among them — and here I mean the idea of a human being as a 24-hour person, characterized by his best and worst activities, sex that includes love, life that includes death. Most modern Canadian poets are also concerned with past history, along with present political considerations (at least I am, along with others), but more than ever with inter-personal questions and exploration. Their language is more comfortable to themselves and their readers than it had been in the past, and certainly more relevant to all our concerns. They are, as I hope, in some degree world-citizens as well as Canadian. They can be personal as well as objective.

Of course, all this sounds as if the millenium for Canadian poetry has been reached. It has not. Only that we — and I include myself — are aware of our own directions and their importance.

In the post-Pratt years there is a host of names. Some say the Lord God of Hosts is Irving Layton (he would himself); others are Earle Birney, Margaret Avison, Leonard Cohen, John Newlove, Raymond Souster, Alden Nowlan, Margaret Atwood — and the list can go on and on. The variety is immense, the yeast in continual flux. This is my own generation, whether the people are older or younger than myself. It is a venturesome era, in which we can cite Frank Scott's *The Canadian Authors Meet*:

> Expansive puppets percolate self-unction
> Beneath a portrait of the Prince of Wales
> Miss Crotchet's muse has somehow failed to function,
> Yet she's a poetess. Beaming she sails

From group to chattering group, with such a dear
Victorian saintliness, as is her fashion,
Greeting the other unknowns with a cheer —
Virgins of sixty who still write of passion.

The air is heavy with "Canadian" topics,
A Carman, Lampman, Roberts, Campbell, Scott
Are measured for their faith and philanthropics,
Their zeal for God and King, their earnest thought.

— then swing from Scott to Layton's *The Birth of Tragedy*:

A quiet madman, never far from tears,
I lie like a slain thing
under the green air the trees
inhabit, or rest upon a chair
towards which the inflammable air
tumbles on many robins' wings;
noting how seasonably
leaf and blossom uncurl
and living things arrange their death,
while someone from afar off
blows birthday candles for the world.

— and move again from Layton to Margaret Atwood, one of her sweet and tender little love poems:

you fit into me
like a hook into an eye

a fish hook
an open eye

Remarking on Atwood a friend of mine said, 'It can't be that awful to be a woman.' Which is arguable, depending on your own gender.

From Atwood to Milton Acorn's *The Island*, meaning Prince Edward Island. And it might be mentioned here that Acorn is the only communist poet of any ability in the country that I know of —:

Since I'm island-born home's as precise
as if a mumbly old carpenter,
shoulder-straps crossed wrong,
laid it out,
refigured to the last three-eighths of a shingle.

Carpenters, for the information of some of you, once used shingles for small measurements. Move again to Earle Birney's *Twenty-Third Flight* in which the 23rd Psalm is parodied. Birney in Hawaii is escorted through customs by a female vision of loveliness and then:

Nay but thou stayest not?
Thou annointest not my naked head with oil?
O shepherdess of Flight Number Twenty-Three only
thou hastenest away on thy long brown legs to enchant
thy fellow-members in Local Five of the Greeters' Union
or that favored professor of Commerce mayhap
who leadeth thee into higher courses in Hotel Management
O nubile goddess of the Kaiser Training Programme
is it possible that tonight my cup runneth not over

and that I shall sit in the still pastures of the lobby
whilst thou leadest another old ram in garlands past me
and bland as papaya appearest not to remember me?
And that I shall lie by the waters of Waikiki and want?

After this small anthology, I hasten to add that if any good and close friends of mine have not been included, the oversight was entirely deliberate.

I believe that Canadian poetry has come of age, that work as good as any in the English-speaking world is being written in Canada. Of course we have produced no W.B. Yeats, Dylan Thomas, Pablo Neruda, those poets of more than life-size whose voices ring round the world. Significantly the poets named are all dead. In fact I believe the world is now without such giants, which is not a matter of much regret to me. It is probably true to say that not one single Canadian poet is known to any extent outside the boundaries of their own country. The same is also true of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and all the other erstwhile British colonies. Curiously enough, the same does not hold good in prose. The Australian novelist Patrick White has a wide reputation, although he's somewhat of an exception even in prose.

The reasons for this seem to me quite simple. The world is principally interested in writer-citizens of the most powerful countries, those so-called super-powers, the USA and Russia. Writers such as Yevtushenko and Robert Lowell, both of whom seem to me only average poets. The reason for this world-wide interest in Russian and American writers is that many of us believe, probably mistakenly, that we can find clues and hints to the essential character of the world's giants in the poetry they produce. Thus when Yevtushenko writes *Babi Yar* we are likely to wonder whether the humanity expressed in the poem means a slight relaxation of anti-Semitism in Russia. Similarly with Robert Lowell, when he writes a poem not entirely complimentary to the US — something very easy to do these days. Money and organization are liable to produce an excellent ballet company or champion athletes, send space ships to the moon; but money and organization do not germinate poets and prose-writers, only aid and encourage those already in existence. Although I think many people will find this point arguable.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn is another example of the writer from whom we think something of the Russian character may be derived. Solzhenitsyn has been exiled by the Soviet authorities from his own country as I write this piece. And he just might be one of the giants of literature the world occasionally produces. Yesterday, Gerald Ford, the stop-gap US vice-president succeeding Spiro Agnew, said of Solzhenitsyn's exile that since the Russian writer was not executed forthwith, this might improve Russian-American diplomatic relations. Obviously some interest attaches to Solzhenitsyn other than writing. And another meaning may be drawn from Ford's statement to the news media: we Americans would never never treat our own writers so harshly. Which brings to mind Ezra Pound, an American poet of immense influence if hardly genius. Pound was in Italy during the last war, broadcasting propaganda for Mussolini. When the Americans captured him Pound was locked up in a sheet-iron cage under a broiling Italian sun, kept prisoner inside the cage for many weeks. Later he was committed to an American mental hospital, and remained there for years. Could we say at this point which country, Russia or the US, treated its foremost writer with less humanity and simple understanding?

Can you imagine Irving Layton locked up in a sheet-iron cage in Westmount or Rosedale? His cries of injustice would drown Gerald Ford and Solzhenitsyn, be audible in stormy Vancouver Island. What about Robin Mathews who, incidentally, writes poetry as well as diatribes? Mathews has made so much fuss about US professors in Canadian universities that his Master Charge credit card is suspended

in New York City. But only when a foreign trade commissioner is kidnapped do we become a teeny bit intolerant. I would say, and hope I'm correct, that it is alien to the Canadian character to exile our writers or lock them in iron cages. But when other countries do this we are bound to betray a holier-than-thou but nevertheless casual interest.

In 1974 Canadian poetry, Canadian writing in general, are characterized by a strong tide of nationalism. Whether this reflects popular feeling in the country, or has been itself a prime reason for nationalism, I don't know. But I suspect it's an echo, something that feeds a fire already in existence. Gives voice to pride. And let me here define Canadian nationalism as merely enlightened self interest. In other words, me first, then my family and friends and country. I could go into that at greater length, and not say it any better. The idea that Canadians should consider their own national needs and aims first of all, before it's possible to become altruistic world citizens in a world that doesn't necessarily share the wealth, but does share pain, agony and torment.

Which brings me to Margaret Atwood's book on Canadian writing *Survival*. Atwood is a Canadian poet as well as prose-writer of political tracts. Because, in a very important sense, *Survival* is a political tract. Its message is that Canada is almost completely dominated by the US. Some writers know that, some don't. Some of us say it doesn't matter. Others, that such domination and possession require no exorcist, but is inevitable in the world today. *Survival*'s message, as well, is that Canadian literature reflects this knowledge of US domination in lesser or greater degree, depending on the writer. The book may be naive, as some have said; it may overstate the case, which I doubt. And I prefer to almost ignore the fact that human survival is one of the big themes of all literature.

Survival has become a bestseller in Canadian terms, because it talks to everyone in their own language, of their own everyday concerns. And it deals with our own writing. The book has been attacked as excessive, zenophobic, alarmist, exaggerated, and, worst of all, nationalistic. And yes, it is a nationalistic book. For writers do not all live in ivory towers and university enclaves. They are concerned with their country as well as their souls, with life as well as death. Atwood could not have believed W.H. Auden when he wrote:

> Poetry makes nothing happen
> It exists in the valley of its saying
> where executives would never want to hamper . . .

At least poetry allows me to stand up here in front of some people who are in charge of a nation's literature, and say what I think.

Professor Arthur Lower of Queen's University has said that culture is determined by "centres of consciousness," and that ours, our self-image, had long been dominated by foreign centres, those of Paris, New York and London. Farther on in time, Northrop Frye said: "The centre of reality is wherever one happens to be, and its circumference is whatever one's imagination can make sense of—" Hugo McPherson said in relation to Frye's remark: "I find this the best advice a Canadian or any other national could have. We are here, and our imagination starts here. But it reaches out to touch everything, from prehistoric experience to Egyptian pyramids . . ."

We are here. Canada is our centre of reality. On our periphery is the world, not less real but somewhat less important to us than ourselves. For what we are to ourselves determines what we are to the world. We are our own direction, whether dead end or half speed ahead. And personally, thinking about what a country should be, should aim towards, I don't give a damn for power, the physical trappings that make one country stronger and more influential in the world. Very obviously, the super-

powers have led the world to the edge of chaos and a whole planet into misery. I want Canada to go in another direction, its own direction, to continually reach out and explore all the alternatives and highways inward and outward.

I defined nationalism as "enlightened self-interest," and also point out that the phrase contains and encloses the word "light." Our own light, our own writing, the small segment of life we live which we must spend like misers and drunken spendthrifts at the same time. They say that everything has been said before, dubbed-in by a million past human generations. Therefore we repeat ourselves, continually reiterate age-old clichés and generalizations, as if it all rhymed in world hexameters with what I say now. But perhaps at our best moments, writing approaches personal and objective excellence, reaches some transcendental barrier and passes beyond it — becomes an achievement that, in relation to it, makes everything else look a little differently.

So here's Atwood again, a quote from *This is a Photograph of Me* — which might be Canada as well as Atwood herself:

> (The photograph was taken
> the day after I drowned.
>
> I am in the lake, in the center
> of the picture, just under the surface.
>
> It is difficult to say where
> precisely, or to say
> how large or small I am:
> the effect of water
> on light is distortion
>
> but if you look long enough,
> eventually
> you will be able to see me.)

Of course, Canada is a bit larger than Atwood or any of us, but also precisely the same size.

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In this rather rapid overview, I shall share with you my reflections on what I believe to be the most significant novels published in French Canada between 1967 and 1972.

In this six-year period, established writers continued to produce works of interest; developing writers added to their publications; and a group of new writers emerged. These three groups will be examined in turn.

Established Writers

The most prolific of the consecrated authors during the period are Yves Thériault and Jacques Ferron. Thériault, with nine entries in the novel category, has continued to examine man's primitive passions; Canada's aboriginal peoples and their cultural interaction with those of European origin; the struggle between man and beast, or man and the elements, as well as between archetypal men and women. The best recent novels by Thériault are probably *La mort d'eau* (1968), dealing with a girl from the Madeleine Islands who is torn between her desire to settle in Montreal and the contrary pull of her birthplace; *Le dernier havre* (1970), about a Gaspé fisherman who, in advanced old age, voluntarily goes to his death in the sea, unable to reconcile life with decrepitude; and *La Passe-au-Crachin* (1972), in which a Breton fisherman settles in northern Labrador with his wife, and the two are torn apart by the hero's pull towards the isolated, free life of his Montagnais companion. None of these works, however, matches the force and attraction of Thériault's 'classics': *Aaron* (1954), *Agaguk* (1958), and, to a lesser extent, *Ashini* (1960).

Jacques Ferron seems to have abandoned writing plays and the short conte, which brought him into the forefront of French-Canadian letters, in favour of the longer novel form. Seven of his works in this category were published in the period under review, and these are of unequal value. In *La charrette* (1968), he returns to the framework of *La nuit* (1965), with its combination of realism and fantasy, and the counterposing of good and evil, day and night, the south shore and Montreal. The mixture is unstable, wordy. The same can be said of *Le salut de l'Irlande* (1970), a Quebec/Irish allegory, which has its moments of interest, however, especially in the development of a theme of importance to Ferron since his excellent *Cotnoir* (1962) — that of individual and collective salvation. This theme is much more

successful in *L'amélanchier* (a rare Québec tree with a purple pear-like fruit), published the same year. The fantasy of a childhood garden merges smoothly (for the most part) with the efforts of the narrator and her jailer-father to save an emotionally deprived young prisoner. The author's interest in mental illness, probably derived from his recent experience as physician in the Montreal Saint-Jean-de-Dieu hospital, is evident also in *Les roses sauvages* (1971), where this theme is combined with a denunciation of strident English unilingualism in Moncton and the resulting French assimilation. This work, however, is plagued by clumsy omniscent third-person narration, and other weaknesses. It is eclipsed in interest by the appended barely fictionalized story of a schizophrenic, *Lettre d'amour*. Ferron's longest book, the 400-page tome *Le ciel de Québec* (1969), is less a novel than a collection of incidents and anecdotes involving real people (Cardinal Villeneuve, the Hon. G.G. Power, Camille Roy, Saint-Denys-Garneau), often placed in highly imaginary situations, and fictional ones taken from other Ferron writings (Dr. Cotnoir, Biouti Rose). The result is a dislocated social satire. In Ferron's two most recent novels, both published in 1972 — *La chaise du maréchal ferrant* and *Le saint Elias* — the author draws on French-Canadian folklore and history. The first has the material for several good **contes** based on popular devil legends; but stretched out to include journalistic chunks of Canadian political history, it ends in a boring hodge-podge. Much more readable is the second, also a mixture of real and imaginary characters. Monseigneur Lafléche, the ultramontane bishop of Trois-Rivières, appears in the book as himself; Pierre Maheu (in real life editor of the radical journal, *Parti pris*, 1963-68), is the intrepid captain of the ship Le saint Elias, which symbolically breaks with the isolationist past of French Canada plying the western and eastern Atlantic; and Philippe Cossette (the Créditiste functionary) is the founder of a new, proud dynasty in what has been called a novel of Québécois reconciliation.

Jean-Jules Richard is third in the list of veteran writers with three quite different novels to his credit. In *Faites-leur boire le fleuve* (1970), the setting is the Montreal waterfront; *Carré Saint-Louis* (1971) is a drama of young drug-users and pushers; *Exovide Louis Riel* (1972) is a historical novel based on the second (North West) Riel rebellion. Richard is a populist writer who influenced younger novelists of the late 1950s and 1960s. Ostracized for political radicalism during the Duplessis years, he was inactive for some time. He has recently taken pen in hand again, usually to write works that are just short of first-rate. This is certainly the case in the gripping story of the docks, with its original milieu, its mores, **argot**, and moments of violent high drama. It is marred only by a melodramatic tendency towards unbelievable coincidence and hidden identity, as well as by occasional stereotyped characterization. The novel based on Riel has merit in humanizing the French-Canadian folk-hero and giving us a rational explanation for his "visions". One or two mass scenes are colourful; the author might have used this technique more extensively to give more force to the intermingling of Métis, Amerindians, and Anglo-Saxon settlers. Also, the omniscience of the author is irritating at times.

Several writers have tackled the novel of love, with varying results. Anne Hébert's *Kamouraska* (1970), clearly superior to her earlier *Les chambres de bois* (1958), is one of the finest literary creations of recent years. A richly woven work based on an actual crime of passion committed in 1838, *Kamouraska* places Anne Hébert in the front rank of French-Canadian novelists. At the bedside of her dying second husband, Elisabeth d'Aulnières, in a state of semi-consciousness, tries to piece together the fragments of her turbulent life. In visions dominated by red, green, and white images, she retraces her fervent will to live and love in a society in which women must conform to a rigid social role. This 'period' novel of Québec treats two very contemporary preoccupations: the inferior position of women and the influence of class on justice. Could the title, *Kamouraska* — typical of the many sonorous and evocative place-names in the story — be an anagram for *Qu'est-ce que (l') amour*?

Jovette Bernier, probably the oldest active creative writer in Québec, returned to the novel after an absence of nearly forty years with her successful *Non monsieur* (1969). In folksy, earthy language, and a style mixing laughter and tears, Madame Bernier recounts the frustrating love of Puce, a young rural schoolteacher, for her ever-evasive Noc. The title signifies a series of refusals by the narrator to submit to various constraints, but it also suggests "Oui, monsieur", because she tolerates her flighty lover. Claire Martin's *Les Morts* (1970), is a dialogue between a woman writer and an un-named person (her publisher?) in which she painfully reminisces about two bereaved lovers as well as another dead loved one (her mother) and a lost object (an unfinished manuscript). War is passionately denounced for having snatched the first lover away. The novel's effectiveness is reduced by a certain abstractness and the occasional artificiality of the interlocutor, which makes one appreciate all the more the totally convincing *Dans un gant de fer*.

Gabrielle Roy has published only one novel in the last six years, *La Rivière sans repos* (1970), which also contains some short stories. The novel is set in the Far North, in the region of Fort Chimo and the Koksoak River. In the story of Elsa, the Eskimo girl whose illegitimate child is fathered by a U.S. serviceman who becomes a bomber pilot in Viet Nam, Gabrielle Roy returns to some of her important themes. In what may be a symbolic setting, she probes the respective merits of 'la primitive insouciance' and civilization; cultures in contact (and in conflict); the search for identity. Like *La montagne secrète* (1961), however, this interesting work does not totally absorb the reader as do the writings based on the author's formative years in Manitoba, or her two novels set in Montreal.

Gérard Bessette's *Le cycle* (1971), is probably the most audacious French-Canadian novel using internal monologue. In its seven parts the grandson, widow, and five children of a dead man reflect on the deceased and on their own lives and obsessions. In each monologue the author uses single and double parentheses to reveal subconscious and unconscious thoughts respectively, and also notes the physiological reactions engendered by these thoughts. Sexual obsessions dominate, and there are also flashes of ethnic prejudice and political and economic concerns. Fascinating reading for the most part, *Le cycle* errs in introducing quite inappropriate imaginative content into the monologues of some of the characters; for instance the simple widow Vitaline evokes Cro-Magnon man at one point. There is also a gratuitous totalitarian vision of the Quebec independence movement.

André Langevin, one of Québec's most respected writers, published his fourth novel, *L'élan d'Amérique* (1972), after an absence of sixteen years. The author uses 'description of consciousness' — a modified third-person variant of internal monologue — for the two main characters, Claire Peabody, a young Franco-American, and Antoine, a middle-aged French Canadian woodsman. In addition there is omniscient third-person narration in sections of the novel, as well as authorial intervention into the 'stream-of-consciousness' portions, all of which adds to the confusion of an already disjointed story-puzzle. The book suffers, too, from melodramatic characterization and thematic diffusion; it lacks the 'classical' economy of *Poussière sur la ville* (1953), Langevin's best achievement. Nevertheless this profoundly pessimistic look at the survival of French Canada is intriguing in its linking of the various doomed elements (Claire, Antoine, the Indian, the symbolic moose — all to a certain extent 'nègres blancs d'Amérique'), and for its archetypal and generational conflicts.

Developing Writers

A number of novelists who had already published at least one work before 1967 are grouped in this category.

Réjean Ducharme dazzled the literary world in both France and Canada with his *L'avalée des avalés* (1966), which was followed, respectively, by the publication of

two other prose novels and one novel written in rhymed quatrains: *Le nez qui voque* (1967), *L'océantume* (1968), and *La fille de Christophe Colomb* (1969). *L'océantume* was actually composed before *L'avalée des avalés* and one feels that the author has not yet refined his style, its verbal magic and child-like poetry. As in the other Ducharme prose works, the parents are of different ethnic origin — in both cases they have come from a small nation. The same lack of polish and surprise is found in the quatrains of *La fille de Christophe Colomb*. On the other hand, *Le nez qui voque* is a convincing and moving eulogy to the quest of two adolescents for meaning and wholeness in the fragmented, dehumanized 'royaume du mal' of adults. In addition, in this work more than the earlier ones, Ducharme not only treats the conflicting universal themes of innocence, sexual obsession, and moral cowardice, but also fully assumes his Québécois identity. His heroes, Mille Miles and the 'blonde' Eskimo girl whom he calls 'Chateaugué' reveal — through their speech patterns, their identification with Emile Nelligan, and their references to distinct social woes — that their cultural alienation and humiliation are rooted in a specific time and place. This condition, whether inflicted by Anglophones or continental Frenchmen, is summed up by the narrator's vision of himself: 'Pauvre Mille Miles: qui, en plus d'être tout sale, est Canadien français'.

Marie-Claire Blais, in the period under study, published five novels, three of which form parts of a series centred on Pauline Archange, first as a child and then as an adolescent in Lower-Town Quebec City: *Les manuscrits de Pauline Archange* (1968), *Vivre! Vivre!* (1969), and *Les apparences* (1970). In these works the author is very sensitive to the experience of poverty, to the sights and sounds of her native city, to the rare gesture of tenderness, which she renders in fine poetic prose. As in *Une saison dans la vie d'Emmanuel* (1965), she treats the theme of the cultural wasteland that stultifies the young shoots of creative expression. Yet unlike that of her excellent achievement in *Emmanuel*, the atmosphere is too monotonally dark. These novels are nearly totally naturalistic, stressing ugliness, cruelty, and suffering with only occasional relief.

In Blais's *David Sterne* (1967), the hero is an eighteen-year-old student from a comfortable family who tries to embrace all the vices before being shot dead by police bullets. Two of his friends take their own lives, one setting himself on fire after losing faith in his crusade against nuclear weapons. The homosexual theme, touched on in this novel, dominates in *Le loup* (1972). There are touches of grandeur in all of Blais's novels, but none of those discussed above has the fullness and enchantment of *Une saison dans la vie d'Emmanuel*.

The following novels dealing with the love theme are invariably concerned with the breakdown in erotic relationships, be they heterosexual or homosexual. Louise Maheux-Forcier weaves a complex and poetic plot around the turbulence of female homosexuality in *Une forêt pour Zoé* (1969). As in *Amadou* (1963), and *Triptyque* (1965), she develops the related themes of childhood, love, and creativity. In *Une forêt pour Zoé*, the narrator-writer, attempting to compose a book about her childhood friend, Zoé, is haunted by visions of the girls and women — all red-headed and green-eyed — to whom she has been sexually attracted. Her escapist behaviour is motivated by the brutal or indifferent men she has known. In Monique Bosco's *La femme de Loth* (1970), and Gilles Archambault's *Le tendre matin* (1969), the narrators are able to compensate for unrequited love, in the first instance by writing, and in the second through friendship and renewed love. In both novels the narrator-heroes retrace their entire lives in retrospect.

The love-theme is not fundamental to, but is certainly present in, the novels of Jean Basile, where its particular tone reflects the bohemian attitudes of 'Beatniks' on the way to becoming part of the new drug culture. While it is treated in a mocking, blasé way, underneath there is tragedy, as in Armande's suicide at the end of *La jument des*

mongols (1964), or the murder of the harelipped child in *Le grand khan* (1967). In this second part of a trilogy, the author again captivates the reader with his sinuous, ceaseless flow of sense impressions and prose poems on nihilistic aspects of Montreal life that have been untouched by other writers. In the second novel the characters who were in their late twenties in *La jument des mongols* are now into their thirties and conscious of their fleeting youth. Jonathan, narrator of *Le grand khan*, turns out to be the 'author' of the first! He is cynically existentialist, is both attracted to and repelled by fascist ideas, and mocks all forms of political commitment, especially the Québec independence movement. The third volume of what was to be a tetralogy, *Les voyages d'Irkutsk* (1970), is disappointing, without the allure of the earlier novels and overburdened with pharmacological descriptions of drugs and drug-taking.

Under the thematic heading of 'search for identity' there are novels that deal with the French Canadian's past and present, in both a personal and collective sense, and that draw on aspects of history, social transformation, or folklore. Jacques Godbout has followed a geographical and psychological odyssey in his four novels. *L'aquarium* (1962) is set in a vaguely oriental country, and the French-Canadian hero is one of a group of international technocrats; in *Le couteau sur la table* (1965), the narrator-hero traverses Canada from west to east and travels throughout the United States and Mexico. In Montreal, he is torn between an Anglophone and a Francophone woman. In *Salut Galarneau!* (1967), the semi-educated hotdog vendor who is both narrator and prospective author, lives his adventures and defeats in the Montreal region, Lévis, and (through his mother) Francophone New England; all of the action of *D'amour P.Q.* (1972) takes place in Montreal, and the protagonist, Mireille, is a joual-speaking stenographer. The trajectory, then, is mainly from the universal in the first novel, through the pan-Canadian and American contexts, to the Québec and Montreal one, including its anglicized sub-language. In *Salut Galarneau!* the hero suffers a broken marriage and the loss of his beloved to his brother, a professional writer. He isolates himself from the world by building a concrete wall around his home and spends his days being bombarded by television commercials. Galarneau finally decides to assume his true self and symbolically leaves behind his walled barrier (like Québec) to offer the world his manuscript, which becomes the novel itself. He reaches out towards the sun, his namesake in Québec folklore. In his most recent novel, *D'amour, P.Q.* Godbout pursues the writer's search for identity, but with less spontaneity and esthetic conviction than in *Salut Galarneau!*. Like the latter, it is a novel about a novel. Thomas D'amour, in the midst of writing a book, is rebuked by his typist, who ridicules his attempts at exoticism and universality and finally dictates to **him** a novel rooted in Québec and its popular speech, claiming that the word-fund is a natural resource belonging to the masses. In a transposition of the crisis of October 1970, Godbout proposes a fraternal Québec utopia in opposition to the present 'plastic civilization', but is unable to sustain reader interest. The gratuitous vulgarity is a flaw in a novel that is often witty.

Hubert Aquin's *Prochain épisode* (1965), transposes certain aspects of the author's own life (e.g., his involvement in the independence movement, his arrest and confinement to a psychiatric prison, his travels throughout Switzerland). It uses a double or mirror structure (the novel within the novel) to emphasize the narrator's failure to live the coveted role of political terrorist. There is also a muted mock-melodramatic aspect as well as ambivalence in relation to English-speaking Montrealers. The narrator's identification with the Third World via the Cuban revolution in this first novel is extended in the second, *Trou de mémoire* (1968), to Black Africa, evoking the idea of nègres blancs d'Amérique. The mirror structure of the second novel becomes much more complicated than in the first, with auxiliary narrators and editors intervening in the story of the self-styled revolutionary pharmacist, P.X. Magnant, and his murder of Joan Ruskin. The resulting confusion has been labelled a baroque exercise, the Québec political themes being drowned in a flood of pharmacological and

ethnographic erudition and lost in structural mazes. For other critics, the very confusion is politically significant, for Magnant writes: 'je n'ai sûrement pas la force qu'il faut pour entreprendre ce roman policier inconcevable qui sera à l'image du Québec secoué par ses propres efforts pour obtenir un spasme révolutionnaire qui ne vient jamais. Cher pays déboussolé, comme je te ressemble . . .' In Aquin's third novel, *L'antiphonaire* (1969), the title itself reflects the mirror approach in its reference to a book containing the musical accompaniment to religious services. The narrator, Dr. Christine Forestier, is preparing a thesis on a sixteenth-century medical scholar, and the intertwining of this task and her own tumultuous life shared with an epileptic husband and a demanding lover(s) constitutes the novel. This work is more baroque than ever, with the juxtaposition of two stories four hundred years apart, the dazzling array of erudition and pseudo-erudition, the propensity of the narrator to fall victim (?) to rape, etc. Again it has been claimed that the disorder of the narration, and its fragmentation, has a profound social significance. This time, though, the argument is much less convincing and the book seems to be primarily a brilliantly conceived toy for the amusement of the author and readers.

Claude Jasmin tried his hand at regional history in his *L'Outaragasipi* (1971), (the Amerindian name for the river l'Assomption), a very sketchy hodge-podge in which Jasmin has put neither his heart nor his thought. Far superior are Jasmin's personal monologues and reminiscences, *Rimbaud mon beau salaud!* (1969), and *La petite patrie* (1972). (The latter is followed by *Pointe Calumet Boogie Woogie* (1973)). The late Jean Hamelin, known as a respected drama critic, has also been concerned with the search for identity. In *Les occasions profitables* (*Ecrits du Canada français, X, 1961*), he told the story of a union struggle in a textile mill during the reign of Premier Maurice Duplessis. His second novel, *Un dos pour la pluie* (1967), is a more substantial work, in some ways an extension of Ringuet's *Trente Arpents*. With earthy realism, and using the style of a sly and ironic oral narrator, Hamelin recounts the life of a couple who move to Montreal during the crisis years of the 1930s, and how they get tragically caught up in the events of the Second World War. The roots of Acadian folklore are evident in Antonine Maillet's allegory *Don l'Original* (1972). There is charm in her use of the particularisms of Acadian French (especially in proper names and curses), and its quaint morphology and gentle social satire is convincing. And yet the author seems to run out of wind about two thirds of the way through her short work. *Don l'Original* does not have the memorable poignancy of Maillet's very successful dramatic monologue, *La Sagouine* (1971), one of the finest pieces of writing to be published in Québec in the recent period.

New Writers

In this category we shall discuss writers who first published novels after 1967, or, if they appeared earlier, had not yet imposed themselves on the reading public.

A number of writers, usually in their twenties, have chosen the theme of political terrorism, obviously inspired by some of the explosive events that Québec lived through from 1963 to 1970. Gilbert La Rocque's *Corridors* (1971), and Pierre Gravel's *A perte de temps* (1969), are both based on transposed events of the first wave of FLQ bombings in the spring of 1963. La Rocque's novel is the work of a talented and sensitive writer. His hero, Clément, has joined an FLQ auxiliary group, the main task of which is to seek out and punish turncoat informers. Clément joins the group following his desertion of his pregnant lover, Céline, partly because of his beliefs and partly to fill the emptiness of his life; he breaks with it because he cannot tolerate its violent methods of retribution. Pierre Gravel lacks the finish and style of La Rocque. His hero, Robert, is in a terrorist group that has been betrayed and he is the last member still at large. The entire novel traces — sometimes naively, with repetition and blurring of point of view — two days in his life before his arrest. Like Clément, Robert recalls the mediocrity of his home and especially the spiritual absence of his father. While a committed revolutionary able to accept responsibility

for his act, he is constantly haunted by memories of Victor, a former comrade who broke with the terrorists on moral grounds. In both books, then, doubts are raised about the ideology and tactics of political violence. Gilbert La Rocque has also published *Le nombril* (1970), and *Après la boue* (1972), both dealing with young Québécois growing up in an alienating milieu who are in search of themselves.

A woman novelist, Yvette Naubert, attempted to paint a broad canvas dealing with the main preoccupations of Québec's neo-nationalism in *Les Pierrefendre* (1972). This book follows her successful *L'été de la cigale* (1968), in which she probed the reaction of a white racist family in the U.S. to an interracial marriage. Madame Naubert ambitiously constructed her second novel along the lines of a fugue. Through various 'narrators' we live through the pre-war nationalist movement and its fight against conscription, the conflict over the French language in Québec as it affects New Canadians, the rise of the post-war independence movement, terrorism, etc. Unfortunately this task was too much for the author, who is most successful with her heroine Françoise's conflicting thoughts on the eve of, and through, childbirth.

The theme of violence also appears in the works of young novelists who do not link it directly to social or political causes. Such is the case of Jacques Benoit, whose *Jos Carbone* (1967) won the literary prize of the Province of Québec and revealed a storyteller with unusual talents. He followed it with *Les voleurs* (1969), and *Patience et Firlipon* (1970). His first work is set in a forest where the primitive instincts of the characters are given full play. Apart from melodramatic moments, the violent struggles, betrayals, and the tender fidelity of the two main characters are the stuff of suspenseful drama. The strange county of Gagourouge and the village of St-Forficule give way to real streets in east-central Montreal in Benoit's second novel, *Les Voleurs*. Because of confusion in narrative voice, considerably more melodrama, and a rather abrupt ending, this longer work is not as convincing as his first. There is, however, good psychological insight into the women characters and a mostly interesting story of the combined efforts of ex-convicts, an unemployed truckdriver, and a bishop to help 'steal' an election for the cleric's political friends.

In the area of the social novel two writers, Victor Lévy-Beaulieu and Roch Carrier, have adopted the form of the **roman-fleuve** and both have attracted public attention by their original handling of naturalist themes. Each published his first novel in 1968. For Beaulieu it was *Mémoires d'outre-tonneau*, a punny, often boring mixture of realism and fantasy, dealing with the disturbed public masturbator, Satan Belhumeur, who reappears episodically in *La nuitte de Malcolm Hudd* (1969). In this work, too, the fantasies and phantasms of the narrator, another mentally ill character, are hard to distinguish from objective events. The vital language question is raised both here and in Beaulieu's other novels by the frequent use of highly anglicized **joual** expressions and by reflections on bilingualism in Montreal. Beaulieu didn't really approach a style until he began the Beauchemin saga with *Race de monde!* (1969). This novel is narrated by twenty-year-old Abel, sixth of the twelve Beauchemin children. (This and other biographical details, as well as his reflections on literature, clearly indicate that Beaulieu himself was the model.) There is still an extravagant use of puns; a somewhat gratuitous delectation with physical ugliness, putrefaction, genitalia (Beaulieu flays the enduring Québec taboos with a vengeance!); boring passages; and fragmentary characterization. More appealing to the reader is a thread of ironic humour and a demythification of traditional institutions. In *Jos Connaissant* (1970), Beaulieu further develops his command of subject matter and creates a poignant and pathetic character in his narrator, the eldest of the Beauchemin children. Also, the mother emerges in strongly visual and emotive images, as does the suburb of Morial-Mort (read Montréal-Nord) with its squalor and multi-ethnic population, but some earlier flaws persist. In *Les grands-pères* (1971), the story centres on Madame Beauchemin's father, Milieh (le Vieux),

through whose eyes we perceive the human drama of aging. Here death dominates — that of the old man's two wives, of his children, of his own, which is very near at the book's end, or that of the barren, stump-covered Bas-du-fleuve countryside where Milien has eked out an existence. The flow of remembrances, dreams, and hallucinations in an interplay between past and present is sometimes confusing, but on the whole it is a creative device. The use of generalized plural in the title, and the pluralizing of proper nouns and adjectives effectively emphasizes the derisively repetitious resemblance between named and unnamed characters. In 1972 Victor Lévy-Beaulieu set aside the Beauchemin saga (temporarily?) to write *Un rêve québécois*, a less successful hallucinatory novel about a gruesome, ritualistic murder in which the deranged hero kills and seemingly mutilates the body of his wife to avenge his own misery and humiliation.

Roch Carrier's first novel, *La guerre, yes sir!* (1968), launched a popular trilogy based on transposed and transfigured reminiscences of his childhood and youth in Ste-Justine, south of Quebec City. It was followed by *Floralie, où es-tu?* (1969), and *Il est par là, le soleil* (1970). Like Beaulieu, Carrier writes in the naturalist tradition, which has had a short history in French Canada. But Carrier is less extreme. His novels contain echoes of Rabelaisian humour and in the first there is the same mixture of pathos and satire found in Marie-Claire Blais's *Une saison dans la vie d'Emmanuel*. Like the latter, Carrier's *La guerre, yes sir!* runs totally counter to the traditional roman de la fidélité. In fact, in aiming to destroy the exaggerated 'saints' of the pastoral idyll, Carrier seems to go to the opposite extreme, creating a village of brutes and ignoramuses. Carrier has a strong gift for antithesis: at the wake that comprises most of the novel, the grief surrounding the return of the ludicrously killed village soldier, Corriveau, gives way to a raucous and earthy spree of eating and drinking. The most convincing character is Bérubé, a village soldier and outhouse cleaner at Gander who is torn asunder in his quest for identity between his emotive loyalty to his own folk and his obligatory duty to his English-speaking sergeant. The war that is most palpable to the villagers is, in fact, 'la petite guerre' between themselves and the Anglophone soldiers — an extentio of an historic conflict that is far from over. Critic Jean-Cléo Godin has suggested that central to the trilogy is the dialectical opposition between life and death. The characters are dazzled by a duo of 'suns', divine and diabolical, both of which must be rejected in order to attain a liveable, sensual, and natural existence, as do Floralie and Anthyme at the end of the second novel. In the third, Philibert, who has fled his violent father and the village with its death images, never really leaves behind his own symbolic occupation of apprentice gravedigger when he goes to Montreal.

One of the revelations of the past few years in Québec writing is the work of Jacques Folch-Ribas, Spanish-born architect and member of the editorial board of the literary review *Liberté*. He has set out to produce a vast fresco under the general title, *La horde des Zamé*, of which two volumes have appeared: *Le démolisseur* (1970), and *Le greffon* (1971). The second novel, more ample and richer than the first, is the chronicle of an adolescent growing up with remnants of his family in a Flemish village after their exile from Spain following the Civil War. Jaume, through whose eyes we see most of the action, is like the **greffon**, the cherry tree grafting that his father and grandfather optimistically transplant. He is torn between a supposedly 'unpronounceable' Catalonian label and his French name (Jacques), as well as two languages, and undergoes an identity crisis not unlike that of the Québécois, that is resolved by a positive acceptance of himself and his roots. The constant interchange between past and present and the flow of humanity through its pages make *Le greffon* a captivating work of art. *Le démolisseur* is a drier, more abstract novel whose central character, Amsterdame Zamé, cousin of Jaume, is the head of a wrecking firm in a vague north-European country. He is imbued with anarchistic ideas of creative destruction and is ferociously independent and fearful of tenderness and

enclosures, perhaps because of the same Civil War that exiled him.

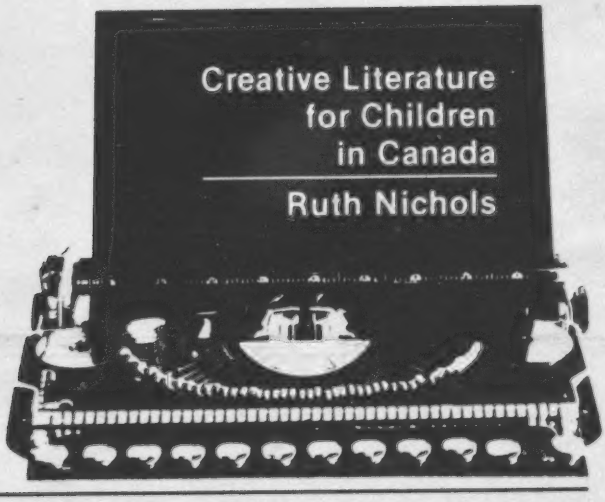
Another novel of dépaysement in which the Second World War is seen through the eyes of a child is *L'ogre de barbarie* (1972), by Pierre Billon. A pre-adolescent girl recounts her involvement in helping to smuggle French refugees into Switzerland, where Nazi simpathizers are also active. The plot of Madeleine Ferron's *Le baron écarlate* (1971), is situated closer to home. A mature woman recounts her childhood and youth in the Beauce area, where she was brought up from the age of six by a driving, unscrupulous uncle. The contrast between his growing wealth and the surrounding misery revolts the narrator, who deserts the disoriented uncle in search of independence. One of the most lauded books on the theme of childhood is essayist and trade-unionist Pierre Vadeboncoeur's *Un amour libre* (1970), a poetic 'dialogue' between the author and his child, the development of whose sense perceptions and apprehension of the world are sources of wonderment to his parent and chronicler.

A number of young writers have tried their hand at formal experimentation, some more successfully than others. Jacques Poulin is the most appealing novelist to come out of Quebec City since Roger Lemelin, and his *Le coeur de la baleine bleue* (1970) is a fine example of the **roman-poème**. It is a work in which the author plays verbally and thematically on the expression 'une histoire de coeur'. Tension is created between the struggle of the apprentice-novelist Noël to create fiction and his fear of the rejection of his transplanted heart, the donor of which was a young girl. In spite of a certain amount of diffusion and lack of control over his material, Poulin is a promising and natural writer. These pluses and minuses are evident also in his first novel, *Mon royaume pour un cheval* (1967), and in *Jimmy* (1969). The first deals in a semi-realistic fashion with a terrorist interned in a psychiatric prison and presents the intriguing character Simon, a calèche driver (who reappears in *Le coeur de la baleine bleue*); the second juxtaposes the boundless imagination and innocence of the eleven-year-old narrator with the reality of his parents' imminent marriage breakdown. The theme of the 'decrystallization' of love is present in all three novels, as is the background of the old Quartier latin of Quebec City.

Another good example of the technique of the roman-poème is Louis Gauthier's *Anna* (1967), in which objective reality is transformed into a world of fantasy in the mind of a deserted lover. Emmanuel Cocke is in the general lineage of Réjean Ducharme's verbal revolution. His two novels, *Va voir au ciel si j'y suis* (1971), and *L'emmanuscrit de la mer morte* (1972) — with their droll characters, Jésus Tanné and Dieuble, respectively, inverted spellings, and other jugglings — are a futuristic search for meaning in a mechanized world. Experimentation with point of view by using two parallel columns with different type faces is the approach chosen by Michel Beaulieu in *La représentation* (1972). The stepfather's uttered words are in boldface on the left, the stepson's thoughts and 'corrections' in parentheses and lighter type on the right. Poet Nicole Brossard's fervid rejection of traditional narrative techniques did not suffice to make a novel out of the amorphous matter of *Un livre* (1970).

If one has Luc Granger's gift for irreverent humour and his ability to mix imaginatively **joual**, English and French, the non-fiction récit can be as much of a creative endeavour as a novel. His *Ouate de phoque* (1969), which recounts his long-lasting battle with Radio-Canada bureaucrats in several centres, is a total success.

The years 1967 to 1972, then, saw continuing activity by established and developing novelists in Québec, and a host of new faces on the literary horizon. While there was some groping, and marching on the spot, and occasionally disappointing material, there were also welcome revelations and promise for the future.



Ruth Nichols, author of *A Walk Out of the World* and *The Marrow of the World*.

I have been asked to speak on Creative Literature for Children in Canada. Within certain limits I am competent to speak on this subject, but it might be a good idea to define those limits first, especially since, as librarians, your perspective on the field is different from my own. You know much more than I do about certain aspects of children's literature in this country.

I've often envied the chance you have of surveying the whole field. Those of you who are children's librarians know what books are available with each new season; you know what authors bore the children and which arouse their interest; and most important, you have continual contact with the children themselves. My opportunities in all these respects are much more limited. Occasionally librarians tell me that children "just don't **read** any more", or that **this** younger generation is somehow different from the last. I can't answer: I don't know whether children as a group now read less, or whether the old books have lost their appeal. I have no sustained and intimate contact with this younger generation; in that respect you're more fortunate than I.

But I can speak about the experience of writing and publishing in Canada; and I have certain ideas about what a book for children should involve. Not everyone will agree with them, but perhaps I can throw them out for discussion. I have published two adventure-fantasy novels, *A Walk Out of the World* and *The Marrow of the World*. Another is now being written and may appear in 1975, if the means of making all our livelihoods still exists by then.

Children's literature is still the orphan of the publishing industry. There is a general impression, as Farley Mowat pointed out recently, that writing for young people is easy, and publishing for them relatively unimportant. A minority of writers and publishers oppose this view, which radically underestimates the intelligence of children and their importance to the future of our nation.

This is especially true in Canada, where pride in our heritage is a very recent phenomenon. Within my own political memory — that is, within the last fifteen or sixteen years — I have witnessed a complete reversal of attitude. When I was in grade-school a depressing self-abasement prevailed: if only we were Americans, then

we would have something to be proud of! As a small child I learned to draw Our Country's Flag — the Union Jack. Then presently we were told to draw the Red Ensign instead; and by the time I entered university, we had our own flag.

Flag-waving is not one of my favourite stances; but it is fascinating to realize in retrospect that these changes, which I so carefully reproduced in my art classes, actually reflected the severance from Empire. In a real sense, people my age have "grown up with the country." But our national pride is as young as the children for whom I write.

It is not fashionable anymore to look on children as our most precious resource; but that is what they are. Even in Canada we cannot afford great numbers, if our other resources are not to be strained beyond endurance; but that makes each remaining individual the more precious. We must develop a Canadian children's literature which is excellent in every sense, and one that can give these young Canadians a pride in the heritage it will be their turn to preserve. A high ideal, yes, and one that we are a long way from achieving; but there is no reason why we shouldn't aim high.

Am I talking about bending young minds? In a sense, yes. You can call me authoritarian if you like, in the sense that I believe children should be taught. A limited analogy would be the parent's dilemma: do you explain sex to the child in the best way you can, or do you leave him to learn in perhaps more furtive ways? In either case, he will learn the facts, or some of them; but his ability to cope with them may be affected by the way in which he learns. This applies on a larger scale. No moral standard can be absolute unless one assents to it with a full and personal allegiance; and it is problematic how far one's own morality should be imposed on others. But within these limits, I believe adults must teach children those things that they believe are **true** and **good**.

The secret is out: two incarnations ago, I was a Victorian moralist. And as a moralist, I deplore the ill repute into which that word has fallen. I find it astounding that the word "morality" has until recently contracted to an almost exclusively sexual sense when man's capacity for cruelty and injustice, and his outrages upon the natural environment, remained comparatively unexamined. When I use the word "morality", or say that my books are moral in intention, I am speaking not about sermonizing but about the polarity within the world — about the evil which exists and the good which created us, and which is our true and final point of reference.

No wonder I write fairy-tales, you say. But in writing fairy-tales I am using a traditional form (a form whose conventions I enjoy) to throw into high relief some facts which I perceive to be true. When my talent as a writer is fully mature, I may translate these same perceptions into other forms.

What are these beliefs? I will express some of them. I believe that, in order to be sane, effective and capable of hope, each of us must bear his **own** guilt, not the guilt of the entire race as mainstream Christianity has taught. I believe that each of us must do the best he can for everyone to whom he is responsible, and for himself as well; and in order to do my best, I accept the logical precondition that we have some true ability to perceive, and do, the Good. And I believe intensely that the world is not only a 'vale of tears' (though it is that too) but, as Keats put it, a vale of soul-making. I believe in the reality, worth and immortality of the human person. By these convictions I live and write; but I do not seek to force them on anyone else, and those who react against them do so violently. Because of its present fantasy-form, and because it is founded so clearly on convictions with which many people disagree, my work is and will continue to be somewhat controversial.

I've been asked whether, when working on a story, I try to "think like a child." No. Any adult who imagines he **can** think like a child is making a fool of himself: his at-

titude involves a condescension no child is likely to miss. One has to do something more difficult, and that is to **become** a child while retaining the intellectual abilities of an adult. Hypnosis offers a similar process, in that one can regress a patient to the emotions and memories of childhood, while commanding him to retain an adult ability to express what he feels. In writing, this double process — if successfully performed — is profoundly enjoyable, and only someone who is **having** fun can really communicate it contagiously. For me the writing of a novel is a re-entry into the world of childhood games which absorbed and convinced us partly because of their close contact with the subconscious. The fantasy-novel is a fairly direct way of embodying subconscious symbols. It is also, except for poetry, the best medium for the expression of sheer beauty; and beauty is a form of nourishment that we legitimately need.

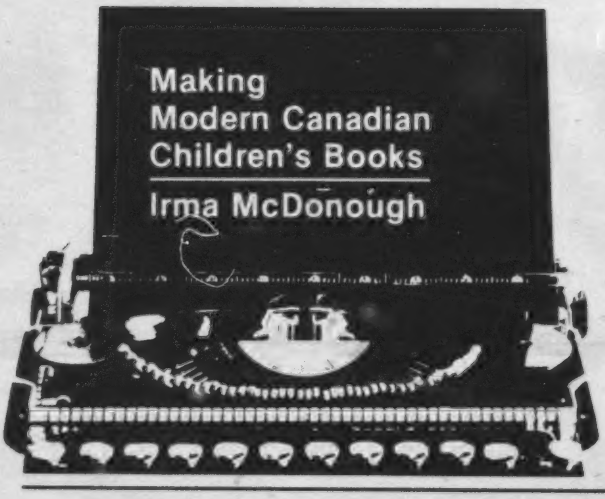
The taste for fantasy is a temperamental one, possessed by some children and some adults; it cannot, in my observation, be learned. Its opponents state that it is pernicious because escapist, which means I suppose that it talks about things which are (in very large quotes) "not real." I can only say that if the bases of the best fantasy are the beautiful and the moral, it must be an impoverished concept of reality that excludes them.

I started to talk to you about children's literature and have ended up talking about what I write, and why I write. The more deeply one is involved in a field, the more intense and circumscribed one's perception becomes. Like any author's, my work is a compromise between what my talent permits and what the market will buy. Other writers do differently, and better; but none knows more accurately the deep impression books read in childhood can leave in an adult mind. Much of my style and habit of thought can still be traced to three books: *The Children of Green Knowe* by L.M. Boston, *The Queen Elizabeth Story* by Rosemary Sutcliffe, and Marguerite Vance's novel about Lady Jane Grey. I still consider Sutcliffe and Boston to be among the finest novelists I've ever read, whatever may be their contemporary vogue. And isn't it the books discovered in childhood that many of us remember with the deepest affection? I've never fallen under the spell of *Alice* or *Through the Looking-Glass*, but I've often noticed how many people remember these books with delight.

Children's literature deserves the best we can give. The controversy centering, for example, around the question of fantasy is a healthy one, because it shows appreciation of the grave issues involved and of the influence a writer can exert over children's minds.

I don't want that point to be misunderstood. Through having had the uncensored run of my parents' bookshelves from the age of six or so, I have concluded that a child chooses books according to the interests and tendencies already present in his character. I don't believe that books — or television, for that matter — can create a tendency in a child's mind; they can only deepen what is already — at least potentially — there.

But given the reservation, the power of books is great, and it is right that we should debate their proper use in the education of our children. I hope that controversy will continue and increase, if it will help call attention to the great importance of this field.



Irma McDonough, editor of *In Review*; *Canadian Books for Children* and *Ontario Library Review*.

I count myself lucky to be in the company of quality and conviction today. Distinguished as they are for the books they have produced both May Cutler and Ruth Nichols also manifest an enviable courage to do what is in them to do. Neither has jumped on band wagons of foreign manufacture but have built their own vehicles and steered them clear and straight. May Cutler has maintained quality control on the output of her Montreal house, publishing authors and illustrators who find their inspiration in things Canadian; Ruth Nichols has hewed to the best universal traditions in letting her fantasies grow out of a familiar physical environment that lets her moral inspiration develop naturally and creatively. In other words they have both originated work that other Canadian book makers could emulate with profit.

They represent two aspects in the making of Canadian books that I want to talk about today. Let's look at the publishers of Canadiana first. With an output that the National Library records at something over 3,000 titles, the first of which was published in the late 1700's, it is clear that the publication of the Canadian juvenile scarcely had priority on any publisher's lists at any time in our history. We have always allowed other nationals to do our publishing, if they would, and this fact may still be the operative condition in our pitiful annual production of 30-40 books meant for children. Think of the original publishers of some of our well known authors — *Owls in the Family* by Farley Mowat has Little, Brown's Boston imprint, as does his very first *The People of the Deer*. Roberts and Seton, *The Incredible Journey* and *Anne of Green Gables*, *The Long Return* and *Once Upon a Totem* all bear American imprints.

In Canada whenever a publisher does produce a children's book it is for literary and artistic reasons; whenever a publisher does not produce books for children it is for economic reasons. Most publishers say that good colour illustration makes for extremely costly books; for these publishers a children's book is a brightly illustrated one; they can visualize no other approach to format. Yet we can think of lots of good Canadian books that have no illustrations or only line drawings. Think of Lewis Parker's drawings in Frances Fraser's *The Bear Who Stole the Chinook* and in James McNamee's *My Uncle Joe*, Bruce Johnston's work in *The Last Noble Savage* and

Douglas Sneyd's beautiful sketches in *Makpa*. Most of Haig-Brown has appeared without the aid of adornment and so has Perkins's *Molly* and Munsterhjelm's *A Dog Named Wolf*.

Linda McKnight, an editor at McClelland & Stewart revealed the reason for the brightly coloured rip off when she said that if a book is not colour illustrated, its contents must then be of a proportionately higher quality. So I suppose McClelland & Stewart generally publishes books with colour or books with content. And this year we will get only one book from McClelland & Stewart — *Anne Elephant* by James Barber, in the fall of 1974. I'm sure we can't wait to see whether colour or content won out!

Donald Sutherland said that when MacMillan of Canada publishes a "worthy" book (i.e. one with superior content) its sales are so poor that the company cannot afford to keep investment capital tied up so long as is necessary to recoup on it — unless the book is an award winner that everybody wants to buy like *The Marrow of the World*.

I think Carol Martin's appraisal of the situation sheds some light on the reasons for poor sales. She recognizes that schools and libraries are not aware of what is available from Canadian publishers — often because they buy through wholesalers who carry only a few Canadian titles, but also because Canadian publishers cannot afford expensive promotion. It is only this year that Peter Martin needs to reprint *No Word for Goodbye* although it appeared first in 1969, and was certainly well received by *In Review* and other reviews. Carol Martin also said that indigenous publishers find institutions slow to respond. If they have always used *Library Journal* as their selection guide librarians scarcely rush to read reviews of Canadian books or to buy them, especially if they need special buying procedures.

Michael Macklem of Oberon Press also recognizes the small market potential in Canada, but he says that even though copyright restrictions have been changed to allow Canadians easier access to the American market no Canadian house has successfully penetrated that nationalistic bastion. Canadians are so afraid of being labelled nationalistic, yet the biggest producer of juvenile books in the world, the United States, has effectively closed its doors to the import of foreign made books. Until very recently when the USA raised the copyright embargo on foreign imports, the American citizen was virtually doomed to reading only American produced books. If this does not reflect a jingoistic nationalism, then nothing does. Macklem suggests that the new Canadian export book house in New York may make a difference there. But the British market is virtually impenetrable too, whether we have an export book house in London or not, because books in Britain are much cheaper than ours. Nevertheless, Oberon will have a new *Sleeping Beauty* on the market this month, and if it is as exciting as their *Cinderella* you all will have to rush out to buy it.

You see, regardless of the cry of poverty, every house wants the distinction of publishing at least one beautiful children's book. There is a challenge involved in producing a book that will gladden a child's heart quite different from any other kind of publishing challenge, and we have only just begun to recognize that challenge needs to be answered by our own publishers. But when that challenge is fulfilled, librarians should be the first ones to herald the birth of a new, wonderful book for children. At least children's librarians since 1946 have recognized publishers' efforts with the CACL Bronze Medal, now awarded annually for the best French language, the best illustrated as well as the best English language books for children.

Eventually we will have more than two editors of children's books working in Canadian houses. Janet Lunn at Clarke, Irwin feels that all she can do is create a climate

for Canadian children's books, and make a beginning on encouraging Canadian writers. She sees many potential authors and talks over their work with them. But she recognizes that she can affect the overall picture only in a very limited way because she is just one interested person in the middle of a great big "area of difficulty," as Hugh Faulkner, Canada's Secretary of State, recently called the growing gap in Canada's output for children.

But except for Janet Lunn, May Cutler is the only book editor really concerned with children's books in Canada. The other houses say they would all like to have children's book editors, but it seems to me that most of them are caught by the computer which is so expensive to utilize and so programmed for error that they can't afford the people who would help to produce the books that the computered-to-death clients would really like to buy. I must not be frivolous but be fair; Macmillan has advertised for a juvenile book editor for two years and been unable to attract a suitable person. But the lack of editors only highlights the lack of publishing programs for children's books at any house in Canada except at Tundra and Clarke Irwin. All we are seeing are paperback reprints. I asked Linda McKnight if she had read *Beautiful Joe* recently. I'm glad she said no, because if someone at McClelland & Stewart had read it they would never have reprinted it.

Even though I have not been able to touch on all the contingencies I think the foregoing will disabuse you of the notion that Canadian publishers (or any other publishers) are going to deluge the market with Canadian children's books no matter how much we need them to record the Canadian fact for children.

Quick! off the top of your head — can you think of any "worthy books" published for children in 1973? Except Tundra's beautiful pair *A Boy of Taché* and *A Prairie Boy's Winter* which combine form and content so consummately that their readers must sigh with almost sensual satisfaction on reading them. But think of the care that was lavished on getting just those two books out on the market. The editorial eye on both pictures and text, seeing the colour processing through the press step by step, and then promoting the finished product — there is a labour of love truly exemplified. Just turn to the third picture in *A Boy of Taché* and move from bottom to top slowly, and you'd swear you are in a plane moving over this glowing landscape! Anne Blades has matured as a storyteller too as she plots a story about the growth of adult responsibility in a young boy. This one is about a youngster who affects destiny; he does not just wait for destiny to happen as *Mary of Mile 18* does. You see, Canadians can develop universal themes adequately and satisfyingly. Elizabeth Cleaver's *Miraculous Hind*, Maurice Metayer's *Tales from the Igloo*, Christie Harris's *Once More Upon a Totem* and Nancy Cleaver's *How the Chipmunk Got its Stripes*, also come to mind as worthy books beautifully produced.

In the past year or so some exceptional books from both new and experienced authors have crossed *In Review's* desk. I want to elaborate a bit more on only a few of them. Two time winner of the CACL Bronze Medal Claude Aubry gave us *Agouhanna* in an English translation (It has yet to be published in French.) We know his *Le loup de Noel: The Christmas Wolf* as a humorous, almost satirical fantasy that becomes at the same time a quasi-legend. (It is one of my favorite books — the McClelland & Stewart edition has Edouard Perret's wonderful drawings and Alice Kane's sensitive translation.) You can see from that description that M. Aubry is an original writer who does not care about the conventional forms. He is a myth maker, a tall tale teller in *The King of the Thousand Islands* and in *The Christmas Wolf* and his only consistency is his humanistic approach to life and literature which informs all of his work.

Agouhanna is another book that stretches the bounds of reality to encompass M. Aubry's theme. Aubry creates a microcosm of Iroquois life in a 'village stronghold'

before the coming of the white man. Because we can only extrapolate from conditions as the white man reported them we cannot say exactly what Iroquois life was like, but it is almost sure that this primitive communal society, based on a settled agricultural economy, conducted its affairs as Morgan found them. Then the basic facts of their life ought to be represented in conformity with the available facts, as even later scholars authenticated them. But there is always literary license, and Aubry pictures an unhappy old chief who had been a great warrior-commander with no son to succeed him. Iroquois chiefs' positions were not hereditary and sons did not succeed fathers, but worthy men could become chiefs in their maternal gens according to the rules of matrilineal descent. It is Aubry's prerogative to ignore these rules, but he does raise the question of veracity in children's books, even in fiction. His theme is commendable; humans do not always want to conform to the dictates of the society they live in. A warrior's destiny is not a comfortable one for a potential poet. And the world needs poets. But the Iroquois society, as fact would have it, would certainly encompass a satisfactory set of conditions to rebel against. Even Little Doe, Agouhanna's beloved, who wants to be a warrior, could conceivably act as Aubry pictures her, given the traditional Iroquois society.

Nevertheless the story is a satisfying one, and ends happily while the anti-war theme gains strength along with Agouhanna. It is commendable and heartening that a Canadian writer for children should be so positive that war is evil. Perhaps young people like Agouhanna fostered this concept and were instrumental in forming the Six Nations Confederacy that had ruled out war just before the white man came.

Some day Aubry will no longer need to retell the French Canadian legends which he did so beautifully in *The Magic Fiddler*, (now available in a new reprint from Peter Martin) or work over the past as in *Agouhanna*, but bring his considerable insights to bear on his modern compatriots. We are fortunate that Aubry's books are available to all children in French and English (I want to see *Agouhanna* in the original to read what he really wrote, too.) He also translated Alan Suddon's *Cinderella* to add a bilingual book to our stocks. And all in all, he represents a working creative writer who lives by an admirable philosophy of life who has given us TV and radio scripts, books and stories that document one Canadian writer's individual responses to the elements and influences of his environment.

Because I know a little of the background of *The House Mouse* I want to tell you about it as your cautionary tale for the day. Dorothy Jane Harris is a former teacher who took her manuscript to nine Canadian publishers before Saunders agreed to publish it. Then it was finally accepted for publication by Warne in the States, Saunders's American parent, illustrated by Barbara Cooney and presented in the same format as the larger Beatrix Potters from Warne in England, Saunders's British parent. I am glad that another Canadian writer has appeared in print, but this is a difficult little book to assess for many contingent reasons. Why wasn't it published here? Why couldn't a Canadian artist illustrate it? Why was it better in one of the illustrations to have George Washington's picture on the wall than John A. Macdonald's? Why is playing with a football considered better than imaginative mind-play? Why wasn't it better edited? Why does the economic factor always and almost exclusively dominate decisions on format, illustration, market? The questions that a reading of this tiny book bring to mind, range across all of the problems of publishing for children in Canada today. I don't want to burden Ms. Harris with our collective problems, but even though hers was not an overtly Canadian book — the mouse could have been an American mouse, or a British mouse, after all — it is irritating to see it published as an American one. Nowhere is Ms. Harris's Canadian identity revealed, and perhaps she does not care about this, but the case of *The*

House Mouse is a patent example of our current deficiencies. Because it might have been a better book — and a Canadian book.

Now we know that there are creative artists, authors, illustrators, printers, paper makers in Canada who want to create, who are capable of creating beauty for children. What has to happen next is a response to that creative spirit — Canadians will have to begin recognizing their own. So few of our creative writers for children have received foreign plaudits — Farley Mowat, May Cutler, L.M. Montgomery, Roberts, Seton are a few of the few. We will have to reverse the adage about a prophet in his own country. For when you think about it, who recognized Lloyd Alexander and Beverley Cleary and William Mayne and Michael Bond as great writers for children in the USA and Great Britain? Their own countrymen, of course. After that we had the chance to read them. But if we and then they had the same chance to read *Wiggle to the Laundromat, No Word for Goodbye, River of Stars, Harpoon of the Hunter, Johann's Gift to Christmas, Un drôle de petit cheval, Son of Raven, Son of Deer*, and many others we and they would see that Canada is not lacking in potentially great writers too. We may not have a William Mayne or a Susan Cooper but we do have Ruth Nichols, James Reaney, Claude Aubry, Farley Mowat, Kay Hill, Paule Daveluy, Towrie Cutt, Kerry Wood who will be Canadian exemplars for future Canadian writers. For when Canada has developed its own literary traditions, and these take time, its own responses to life in the whole wide world, younger Canadians will know that it's all right to do their own thing, to find their own truths. For I agree with Alice Munro when she said, "Telling the truth is really the most powerful thing you can do." It goes beyond a narrow nationalism, for it lets you be yourself, whether you as writer are Canadian or Irish or American.

So we can be sure that there are creative writers who can and could produce good books in French and English — and any of the 50 other languages Canadians read. We need to help them develop now, and develop more of them, to explore the human condition, to understand it, and to discover how we all stand in relation to one another. For we, the authors and the rest of us, are individuals who must know ourselves through others, as social beings.

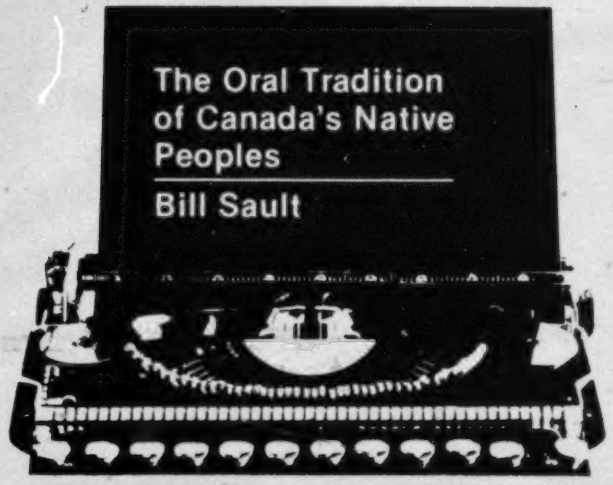
And how are we going to give authors the help they need to create? Elsewhere I have outlined the possibilities in a Centre for Canadian Children's Books. I still think a Centre has great potential for bringing our accomplishments into powerful focus. A Centre would let us see where we stand, and lead us to further accomplishments. It could give an impetus to every sector involved in children's bookmaking — writing, publishing, selling, reviewing and reading. And it would act as a cultural gauge, for it would be a constant and consistent reminder of our national regard for our children's literary heritage. And if we don't care about our children, whom do we care about?

How else might we help the nurturing process? I propose a common sales and promotion centre for all Canadian juveniles — one warehouse where only Canadian children's books would be sold to anybody who wanted to buy and then sell or circulate them or even just read them. If all in-print juveniles from every publisher were recorded in one catalogue and promoted and distributed from one source there would be no worry that customers would miss any available titles. Surely the publishers and the literary officers at the Canada Council and the Ontario Council for the Arts could see the potential in this kind of enterprise.

You see, no one knows what to do about the lack of children's books — and I wonder if any influential Canadians really care? Another idea might be a bonus given by both Arts Councils to every author who writes for children and gets his/her book published — a really substantial bonus, I mean. Another idea would be that every school and public library buy every book published for children — at present

an expense of about $250. per year. The object of buying every book is for familiarity. If we librarians do not read Canadian books, how can we know if they are worth stocking in libraries or not? Buy them all, and assess them, and put the best ones on your shelves. Duplicate orders of the best ones will soon let publishers know what you think of their output.

I know that all of you will have ideas to add to these. We ought to let the Secretary of State know our ideas because he has called for "the pooling of efforts to resolve" our publishing problems. And we can be part of that pool. Ontario schools are now required to offer courses in Canadian Studies (and in English too) and more parents are requesting books about Canada for their children. We are bound to discover a response to these requirements. The heartening thing is that we have the writers and the artists to fill the requirements if we only give them the chance, for a writer does not grow unpublished! Have you heard that Mordecai Richler and Margaret Atwood as well as Marian Engel, all established writers, have written books for children? And there will be more. Humans want to make sense out of the life around them and share their findings about it; they want to communicate their understandings. And the creative impulse really cannot be quelled. It can only be encouraged and nurtured and even cosseted a bit for the sake of our most important reading public, the children of Canada.



William Sault, president of the Union of Ontario Indians. (The following is a summary of Mr. Sault's talk)

Mr. Sault is president of the Union of Ontario Indians this year and vice president the year previously. In addition he has been in charge of the Wikwedoong Native Cultural Centre. The Wikwedoong Native Cultural Centre was organized in 1970 in Thunder Bay.

"The concept underlying Wikwedoong's inception and development stems from the awareness that Indian culture and Indian economic progress are inseparable factors in any programing which seeks to promote a greater sense of selfhood and autonomy among Indians who are severely affected by the economic and technological changes of modern society."

Along with its program of economic self development applicable to reserves, settlements and urban areas it has organized also a program to collect and tape Indian myths, legends, reminiscences and personal historical anecdotes in Cree and Ojibway. These will be retained in the native tongue and also translated into English. The objectives of the tape library are to educate native youth who wish to increase their knowledge of their own culture; to teach the native language; to broadcast tapes on radio and other native and educational communications media; to publish written material derived from the tapes in native newspapers; and to co-operate with universities, high schools and libraries involved in Indian Studies Programs. The selection of reserves where interviewing takes place is based upon these criteria: the age of the storyteller, the uncorruptedness of the legends and the potential historical value of the reminiscenses, the facility and expense of travel and finally, the most ascendant factor, the economic condition of the reserve.

There have been over 400 tapes collected, approximately 200 of them translated into English and 200 in the native languages. The difficulties of travel in the north because of long distances, the relative inaccessibility of many reserves, the great expense of charter flights are tremendous handicaps to the work. There is the added difficulty of obtaining a thorough knowledge of audio equipment and tapes. Interviewers also need a course in interviewing methods.

The beautiful language of native peoples is derived from their association with

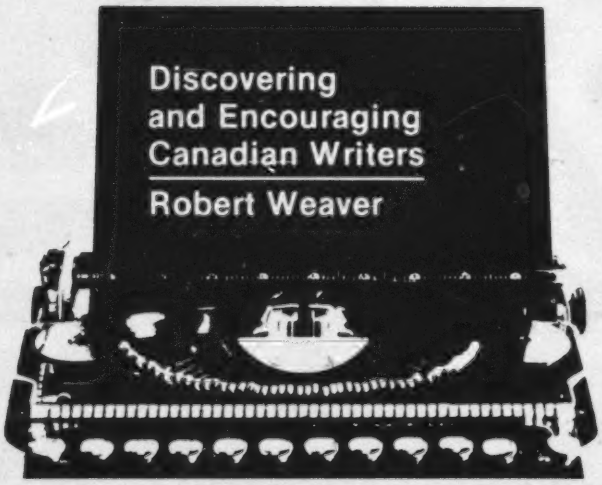
nature, their oneness with nature. Native peoples do not worship nature, rather they live in harmony with it — Native language is honest in its description of bodily parts or functions. The exact word is given for each part. However, slang or swearing has no part in the Indian language. Missionaries would not accept this aspect of native culture and so the meaning of many stories and legends was distorted by religious people who did not reveal the story in its total frankness but rather changed it to suit their point of view. The native peoples now recognize that they must take responsibility for the preservation of their culture not as interpreted by religious leaders, but rather in its original and true form.

He also noted that because some legends are sacred to them; and because of certain customs of the Indian people, some legends may not be told during certain months of the summer.

He also requested an indication from the audience as to whether it would be a good idea to develop a scenario and have television programs made of the legends.

The response to this was very favourable.

Mr. Sault ended his talk with an appeal to "honour the things given us by the Great Spirit." He also thanked the audience for their attentiveness and closed with the wish "May the Great Spirit cause his smile to shine on your path, all the rest of your days."



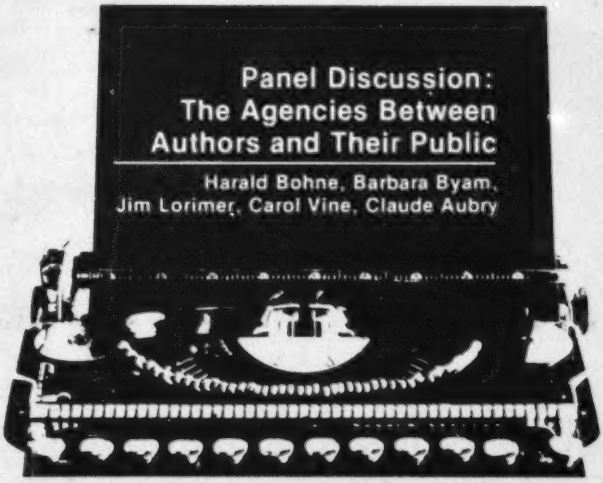
Robert Weaver, editor of *Tamarack Review* and The Canadian Short Stories series.

Robert Weaver reminisced about the 25 years he has spent with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and his experiences as editor of the *Tamarack Review*. He organized programs **CBC Tuesday Night, The Bush and the Salon, CBC Stage, Studio 74** and **CBC Playhouse.**

Grace Buller in her introduction of Weaver said:

> Robert Weaver is one of the founders of the Canadian literary quarterly *The Tamarack Review*. Those of you who are knowledgeable in the field of Canadian letters will know what a tremendous role under great difficulties this quarterly has played in the encouragement of Canadian writing. Selections from the magazine have appeared in the publication *The First Five Years*.
>
> Out of a fine critical sense Robert Weaver has developed his series of Canadian Short Stories in which some of the finest Canadian stories published have been anthologized. The combination of editorship of the *Tamarack Review* and many years with the C.B.C. as short story editor have contributed to his immense knowledge of Canadian writing. His editorship of publications has brought the best of it to the reader here at home and also into the mainstream of world literature.
>
> In introducing to you the person who has discovered and encouraged some of our very best Canadian writers I want to quote from the Fall 1973 issue of *Performing Arts*, two tributes to him; first from George Ryga "He kept me eating and working during dark and difficult times." And from Alice Munro, a winner of the Governor General's Award for her fiction; "he encouraged and comforted me, remembered me in times of famine, and probably — no, certainly did more than anyone else to keep me believing in myself as a writer, for many, many more years."

There were anecdotes, stories and accounts of meetings with many critics, novelists and poets e.g. Al Purdy, Hugh Garner, Doug Fetherling, Gwendolyn Mac Ewen and George Ryga.



The panel discussion on the theme BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS PUBLIC, included five speakers: three publishers, a librarian and a bookseller.

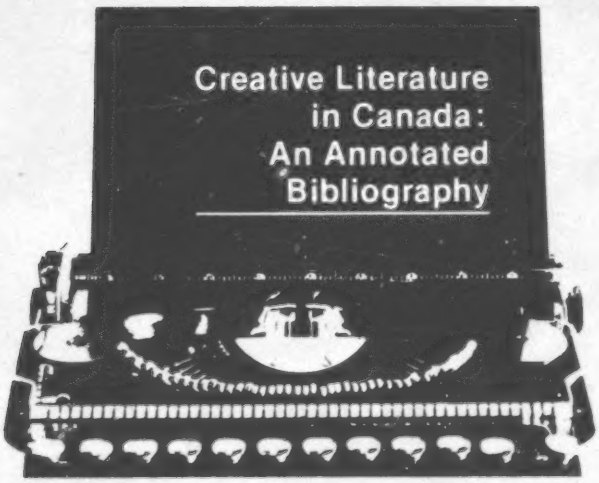
Harald Bohne, editor of Canadian Books in Print and consultant to the Royal Commission on Book Publishing gave an overview of the geographical, economic and cultural influences on Canadian publishing. He cited the negative aspects as including a vast geographical area with a relatively small population and a limited market as a result. Canada's problem is a small country problem, but Finland has 10 times the number of book stores we have. So ours has other factors that deter a thriving national industry. The media do not do a responsible reviewing job; there is a paucity of Canadian books in schools and libraries. There are no reliable statistics to establish buying patterns. But educational budgets have been cut and paper costs have soared. Positive aspects include an increased interest in Canadiana; additional Ontario Arts Council grants of $500,000 have been added to the literary section in 1973, and the Canada Council now gives block grants to publishers. Mr. Bohne suggested that "librarian power" could help to make the public more aware of Canadiana, and all sectors interested in Canadian publishing should give more responsible support to the indigenous publishing industry.

Claude Aubry, chief librarian of the Ottawa Public Library and director of the Eastern Ontario Regional Library System is also an author of children's books written in the French language. He supported an embargo on foreign literary imports and warned that French Canadian children's literature is dying. Canadian children's books could be the "sensitive soul of the country" and must be available to develop a Canadian identity. He said that Canadian books are scarcely known by Canadians and difficult to get even in libraries. He felt that they do not need to be literary masterpieces to be bought and stocked by libraries. Booksellers, libraries and publishers ought to make sure that Canadian authors reach as wide an audience as possible.

Carol Vine is responsible for the Literature Department at the SCM Bookstore, Toronto. She indicated that of their $600,000 annual sales, literature accounted for $150,000; books from Canadian publishers accounted for 85% of their sales, and non-fiction on Canada sold better than creative Canadian literature. She argued that Canadian bookstores should have a commitment to selling Canadian literature and should stock back-list items as well as new books. The excellent response to the SCM list of Canadian books sent to local and Ontario high schools indicates that a basic Canadian book list provided by libraries would have a good reception.

Barbara Byam, representing the 57 members of the Canadian Book Publishers Council, said that about 50 of them have published books in Canada. The members take marketing seriously and are attempting to promote Canadian books through the media. Canada is the only country in the world where publishers sell direct to public libraries thus creating a competitive market with jobbers, opposed to developing booksellers capabilities for stocking comprehensive back lists. Large print runs are cheaper and paperbacks are only cheap when over 100,000 to 1,000,000 copies are sold, so publishing is a very precarious industry.

James Lorimer, representing the Independent Publishers' Association, outlined briefly the positive changes that have occurred since 1967. There has been a burst of activity in writing and publishing and many small publishers have shown a commitment to produce Canadian books. Canadian books are becoming central to this country's needs and desires, he said, and every part of the bookworld is now readied for the changed emphasis on the Canadian book. He said that new Canadian books are now out front in bookstores, but more books in publishers' back lists should also be stocked. Periodicals of Canadian content are needed. Libraries ought to be buying more Canadian books. A survey of Canadian content in Toronto Public Library collections should be emulated in all libraries across Canada. Libraries should all assume "aggressive supporting functions," and develop strategies to turn traditional procedures of acquisition and promotion around to give the products of the Canadian publishing industry a chance to be seen and read by library patrons.



Chosen for the Creative Literature in Canada Symposium held by the Provincial Library Service, March 7-8, 1974, by a committee of public librarians: **Patricia Exell**, Willowdale Branch, North York Public Library; **Elinor Kelly**, Palmerston Branch, Toronto Public Library; **Katherine McCook**, Literature Section, Metro Toronto Central Library; **Micheline Persaud**, Eastern Ontario Regional Library System, Ottawa; **Albert Spratt**, Reference Department, Mississauga Public Library.

Novels, Plays, Poetry, Humour, Essays, Folklore

"J" means more suitable for children.

Aquin, Hubert. PROCHAIN EPISODE. Cercle du livre, 1965. $2.50, McClelland & Stewart, 1972. $1.95. The narrator writes an espionage story during his stay in a mental institute. English translation, McClelland & Stewart, 1972.

Atwood, Margaret. THE EDIBLE WOMAN. SURFACING. McClelland & Stewart, 1969, 1972. $6.95. The self-destructive urges in the heroines of these two novels are produced by — and result in — largely comic incidents in the first book and tragic ones in the second.

Atwood, Margaret. THE JOURNALS OF SUSANNA MOODIE. Oxford, 1970. $1.95 paper. The well-known novelist and critic turns some observations of the nineteenth-century Ontario pioneer into poems infused with new life and insights.

Atwood, Margaret. SURVIVAL: a thematic guide to Canadian literature. Anansi, 1972. $3.25 paper.

Aubry, Claude. LE LOUP DE NOEL. Collection Canoe d'argent, 1963. $1.80. 'The oldest wolf in the Laurentians' and his hungry quest for food near the church of a little Quebec village during the traditional midnight mass. CACL award 1965. J.

Barbeau, Marius. THE GOLDEN PHOENIX AND OTHER FRENCH-CANADIAN FAIRY TALES. Oxford, 1958. $6.95. Fairy tales collected in Quebec by the famous folklorist. J.

Beaulieu, Victor-Lévy. LES GRAND-PÈRES. Éditions du Jour, 1971. $3.00. A very detailed attempt to picture the French-Canadian family with its negative characteristics.

Beresford-Howe, Constance. THE BOOK OF EVE; a novel. Macmillan, 1972. $6.95. When her first old-age pension cheque arrives, a respectable Montreal woman becomes a dropout from the tyranny of marriage to an ailing husband.

Bessette, Gérard. LE LIBRAIRE. Eds. Du Renouveau Pédagogique, 1970, $2.50. English tr.: NOT FOR EVERY EYE: a novel. Macmillan, 1962. $3.00. A cynical satire on life in the province of Quebec. After being published in Paris, this book was chosen by the Grand Jury des Lettres of Montreal as one of the ten best French-Canadian novels published between 1945 and 1960.

Bessette, Gérard. UNE LITTERATURE EN EBULLITION. Éditions du Jour, 1968. $4.00. The author of NOT FOR EVERY EYE contributes here to literary history and criticism.

Birney, Earle. THE POEMS OF EARLE BIRNEY. McClelland & Stewart, 1969. $1.50 paper. Governor General's poetry award winner and author of two novels, TURVEY and DOWN THE LONG TABLE.

Birney, Earle. TURVEY. McClelland & Stewart, 1963. $2.50 paper. The erratic progress of Private Turvey's military career in Canada and Europe during World War II is described in this very funny, satirical novel.

Bissett, William. NOBODY OWNS THE EARTH. Anansi, 1971. $6.50, $2.95 paper. Sound and concrete poetry that establishes Bissett as an iconoclast.

Blades, Ann. MARY OF MILE 18. Tundra, 1971. $5.95. Portrays in story and pictures the austere life of a little Mennonite girl on a lonely farm in northern B.C. J.

Blais, Marie-Claire. UNE SAISON DANS LA VIE D'EMMANUEL. Editions du Jour, 1965. $2.50. The youngest child's winter chronicle reveals the dull, degraded life of a poverty-stricken family.

Blaise, Clark. A NORTH AMERICAN EDUCATION; a book of short fiction. Doubleday, 1973. $6.95. An unusual childhood spent in the Deep South with French and English Canadian parents is the chief concern of these autobiographical short stories.

Bowering, George. TOUCH; selected poems 1960-1970. McClelland & Stewart, 1971. $4.95. Grandfathers, friends, lovers, baseball and Mexico are among the enthusiasms of this talented West Coast poet.

Brewster, Elizabeth. SUNRISE NORTH: poems. Clarke, Irwin, 1972. $3.95. Familiar scenes and experiences on the Prairies and in the Maritimes.

Buckler, Ernest. THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY. McClelland & Stewart, 1961. $1.95 paper. A rural idyll set in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia which probes deeply the lives and passions of the members of a farm family.

Bussières, Simone. LE PETIT SAPIN QUI A POUSSÉ SUR UNE ETOILE. Les Presses Laurentiennes, 1972. $3.00. A pine cone buffeted by the elements becomes the first Christmas tree. CACL award 1973. J.

Callaghan, Morley. STORIES. Macmillan, 1967. $1.25 paper. Skillful use of symbolism and irony, a strong sense of place (mostly Toronto), and a touching compassion for ordinary people are evident in this collection (of Callaghan's best stories).

Carrier, Roch. LA GUERRE, YES SIR! 1968, FLORALIE OU ES-TU? 1969, IL EST PAR LA, LE SOLEIL. 1970. Editions du Jour. $2.50, $2.50, $3.00. English translations: Anansi, 1970, 1971, 1972. $2.50, $6.50, $6.50. A trilogy on hatred of war, in a virulent language.

Clutesi, George. POTLATCH. Gray, 1969. $5.95. An Indian reveals the beauty and mystery of a secret West Coast ceremony.

Coburn, Kathleen. THE GRANDMOTHERS. Oxford, 1949. $1.65 paper. Two Canadian women, Scots and Czech in origin — lead parallel lives which finally merge in the marriage of their grandchildren.

Cohen, Leonard. BEAUTIFUL LOSERS. Bantam, 1971. $.95 paper. A richly imagistic fantasy of a man's obsession with sex, religion, literature and death.

Cohen, Leonard. SELECTED POEMS. McClelland & Stewart, 1968. $6.95, $2.95 paper. Cohen writes with vigour and perception and in a variety of metres on themes relating to love, hate, and his own self-discovery.

Corriveau, Monique. LE SECRET DE VANILLE. Editions Jeunesse, 1972. $2.25. In this suspense story written for children, the doll Vanille holds an important secret.

Craig, John. NO WORD FOR GOOD-BYE; illus. by Harri Aalto. Peter Martin, 1969. $4.95. A summer friendship between an Ojibway and a summer cottager illustrates poignantly the plight of the Indian today. J

Craven, Margaret. I HEARD THE OWL CALL MY NAME. Clarke, 1967. $4.50. A dying priest learns how to live and love from his Kwakiutl parishioners.

Cutler, Ebbitt. THE LAST NOBLE SAVAGE, illus. by Bruce Johnson. Tundra, 1967. $4.00. American title: I ONCE KNEW AN INDIAN WOMAN, Houghton, 1973. $3.95. An Indian woman lives in a white community displaying a largeness of spirit in her loyalty to her French-Canadian husband, integrity to her forebears' way of life and humanity to her neighbours.

Daveluy, Paule. L'ETE ENCHANTE. Editions Jeunesse, 1963. $1.95. Published in English: SUMMER IN VILLEMARIE, N.Y., Holt, Rinehart, 1962. $3.95. During the summer in the Laurentians, Rosanne, a young Montreal girl, experiences her first love. CLA award 1960. J

Davies, Robertson. FIFTH BUSINESS. THE MANTICORE. Macmillan, 1970, 1972. $7.95 ea. In these companion novels Davies serves up a heady mixture of the mystical and the mundane in Thamesville, Ontario, and Toronto.

Downie, Mary Alice and Barbara Robertson, ed. THE WIND HAS WINGS, illus. by Elizabeth Cleaver. Oxford, 1968. $7.50. Beautifully illustrated anthology of Canadian poetry chosen for children. J

Dubé, Marcel. FLORENCE. Leméac, 1970. $2.50. A pledge against daily routine, fear of risk and lack of means to improve one's destiny. Prix David 1973 for his creative production as a whole.

Ducharme, Réjean. L'AVALEE DES AVALES. Gallimard, 1966. $6.60. A teenager's angry monologue about the period she lived close to her brother, from 9-15 years of age.

Dudek, Louis and Michael Gnarowski. THE MAKING OF MODERN POETRY IN CANADA: Essential articles on contemporary Canadian poetry in English. McGraw, 1970. $3.95 paper.

Dufresne, Guy. LE CRI DE L'ENGOULEVENT. Leméac, 1969. $2.50. English translation: CRY OF THE NIGHT-JAR. New Press, 1972. $6.95. Better known as a television dramatist, his play presents the problem of industrialization.

Duhamel, Roger. BILAN PROVISOIRE. Beauchemin, 1958. $2.00. An important contributor to the literary section of the Ottawa newspaper Le Droit as well as author of many articles in various anthologies.

Dunn, Marty. RED ON WHITE; the biography of Duke Redbird. New Press, 1971. $5.95. An eclectic pastiche of drawings and short pieces illumines a vital life.

Egoff, Sheila. THE REPUBLIC OF CHILDHOOD. Oxford, 1967. $3.50 paper.

Ethier-Blais, Jean. SIGNETS. Cercle du livre, 1967. 2 vols. $2.50 each.

Ferron, Jacques. L'AMELANCHIER. Editions du Jour, 1970. $2.50. A return to the past, both individual and collective.

Fraser, Frances J. THE BEAR WHO STOLE THE CHINOOK AND OTHER STORIES, illus. by Lewis Parker. Macmillan, 1959. $4.95. A simple retelling of traditional tales from the Blackfoot Indian people. J

Frye, Northrop. THE BUSH GARDEN: essays on the Canadian imagination. Anansi, 1971. $7.50.

Gagnon, Cécile. LE PECHE A L'HORIZON. Editions du Pélican, 1961. $1.50. Illustrated by the author, this is the dream of a little boy who wanted to reach the horizon. J

Gallant, Mavis. A FAIRLY GOOD TIME. McClelland & Stewart, 1973. $2.75. paper. The author, a long-time observer of the European scene, writes about a Canadian girl bumbling through marriage with a supercilious young Parisian.

Gélinas, Gratien. BOUSILLE ET LES JUSTES. Homme, 1968. $2.00. An ironic satire on contemporary mores in dramatic form produced by the director of La comédie canadienne.

Gélinas, Gratien. HIER LES ENFANTS DANSAIENT. Leméac, 1968. $2.00. Published in English: YESTERDAY THE CHILDREN WERE DANCING, trans. by Mavor Moore. Clarke, Irwin, 1967. $1.75 paper. About to accept a federal cabinet position, a Quebec lawyer is shocked to learn how different is the path of service chosen by his sons.

Godfrey, Dave. THE NEW ANCESTORS. New Press, 1970. $10.00. $1.95 paper. A complex novel about colonialism and revolution in Lost Coast, an imaginary country in West Africa in the 1960's.

Gotlieb, Phyllis. WHY SHOULD I HAVE ALL THE GRIEF. Macmillan, 1969, $5.95. In this sensitive novel Heinz Dorfman finds the beginnings of his own humanity when relatives, events and memories collide at his uncle's funeral.

Grandbois, Alain. POEMES: Les Iles de la Nuit — Rivages de l'homme — L'Etoile pourpre. Editions de l'Hexagone, 1963. $3.75. Recognized as one of the greatest French poets in North America, Grandbois's most famous poems have universal themes.

Guèvremont, Germaine. LE SURVENANT. Beauchemin, 1945. $3.50. Based on everyday rural life in Quebec, this is the story of 'the extinction of the male line of a habitant family.'

Gurik, Robert. LE PROCÈS DE JEAN-BAPTISTE. M. Centre D'Essai, 1972. $1.-50. After having been dismissed an employee kills his bosses; the trial reflects the author's social and political ideas.

Gutteridge, Don. RIEL; a poem for voices. Van Nostrand, 1972. $2.25 paper. A long lyrical evocation of the Métis Rebellion and its hero.

Hardin, Herschel. ESKER MIKE AND HIS WIFE AGILUK; scenes from life in the Mackenzie River Delta. Talon, 1973. $2.50. An exciting new western playwright.

Harris, Christie. ONCE UPON A TOTEM. ONCE MORE UPON A TOTEM. McClelland & Stewart, 1963, 1973. $4.25. The simple and vivid retelling of these Indian legends from the North Pacific Coast appeals to children as these collections also reflect life today. J

Hébert, Anne. KAMOURASKA. Editions du Seuil, 1970. $6.00. A flash back of a woman's life and loves. Translation from Toronto, Musson, 1973. $6.95.

Herbert, John. FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES. Grove, 1968. $1.95 paper. Degradation and brutality in a Canadian prison focusing on the interaction of four cell mates and how one, basically non-criminal at the beginning, becomes, at the end of the play, more unfeeling and callous than his fellows.

Hill, Kay. GLOOSCAP AND HIS MAGIC. MORE GLOOSCAP STORIES. McClelland & Stewart, 1963, 1970. $5.50, $2.49 paper. $4.95. Legends of the Wabanaki Indians. J

Hood, Hugh. FLYING A RED KITE. McGraw, 1967. $2.95 paper. Eleven short stories which reveal a strong narrative talent and an understanding of both the English and French Canadian milieu.

Houston, James. TIKTA'LIKTAK: an Eskimo legend. Longman, 1965. $4.15. A grim tale of survival in the far north, illustrated by the author. J

Huffman, Grant, ed. CANADIANA: an anthology of nostalgic, humorous, and satirical writing for secondary schools. McClelland & Stewart, 1970. $2.75. The selections in the book have been drawn largely from the works of winners of the Stephen Leacock Award for Humour.

Jack, Donald. THE BANDY PAPERS: v. 1 Three Cheers for Me. v. 2 That's Me in the Middle. Doubleday, 1973. $7.95 each. Humorous adventures of a World War I flying ace.

Jasmin, Claude. ETHEL ET LE TERRORISTE. Déom, 1964. $1.50. The confessions of an FLQ partisan who after bombing a public building in Montreal runs away to New York with Ethel, his girl friend.

Johnston, George. HAPPY ENOUGH: poems 1935-1972. Oxford, 1972. $2.95. A sly humour is turned on our customs and habits through clever verse.

Kattan, Naim. LE REEL ET LE THEATRAL. Hurtubise, 1970. $3.00. Prix France-Canada 1972 for this outstanding critical exploration of reality and the theatre.

Kilgallin, Tony. LOWRY. Press Porcepic, 1973. $8.95. 'Man, myth and magic' are keys to this study of the novelist.

Klein, A.M. THE COLLECTED POEMS OF . . . ed. by Miriam Waddington. McGraw, 1974. $4.95. Klein's lyrics, enriched by his exhaustive knowledge of Jewish history and religion, also reveal a sympathy and understanding of the French Canadians in Quebec.

Klinck, Carl F. and Reginald E. Watters. CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY. Gage, 1966. $9.95. Comprehensive collection of Canadian prose and poetry.

Kroetsch, Robert. THE STUDHORSE MAN. Simon and Schuster, 1970. $ .95 paper. 1970 Governor General's Award is a comic story about horse breeding.

Kurelek, William. A PRAIRIE BOY'S WINTER. Tundra, 1973. $6.95. Realistic paintings and long captions recall the author's simple boyhood in the west. J

Lacerte, Rolande. LE SOLEIL DES PROFONDEURS. Editions Jeunesse, 1968. $1.50. J. Science fiction for children, and children involved in solving the incidence of earthquakes.

Langevin, André. POUSSIERE SUR LA VILLE. Cercle du Livre de France, 1951. $2.50. Published in English: DUST OVER THE CITY, McClelland & Stewart, 1955. The drama of a young doctor cheated by his wife. Plot of a film by Canadian producer Michel Brault.

Languirand, Jacques. LES INSOLITES. Cercle du Livre de France, 1962. $2.50. First played in 1955, this is avant-garde theatre in Quebec, absurd and comical.

Lapointe, Paul-Marie. LE REEL ABSOLU; poèmes, 1948-1965. Eds de l'Hexagone. 1971. Poetic prose and poems where themes such as anxiety, fraternity, treason are recurrent.

Lasnier, Rina. POEMES. Fides, 1972. 2 vol. $10.00. Winner of Prix France-Canada 1973 for poetry Lasnier writes mystical spiritual and lyrical verse.

Laurence, Margaret. THE STONE ANGEL. McClelland & Stewart, 1968. $1.95 paper. A proud prairie woman, now ninety, endeavours to cope with a flood of eye-opening revelations while suffering the irritating ministrations of her son's family.

Layton, Irving. THE COLLECTED POEMS OF . . . McClelland & Stewart, 1971. $14.95. Layton's bugbears, 'middle class morality suspicious of all enjoyment' and 'the gilded pseudo-culture of flourishing bankers and brewers' are very evident in this collection.

Leclerc, Félix. LE PETIT BONHEUR. Beauchemin, 1966. $2.25. Collection of twelve humorous sketches.

Lee, Dennis. WIGGLE TO THE LAUNDROMAT. New Press, 1970. $5.00. A big book of nonsense verse for children, wittily illustrated, by a poet whose adult work includes **Civil elegies**, Anansi 1972. $6.50. J

Lemieux, Louise. PLEINS FEUX SUR LA LITTERATURE DE JEUNESSE AU CANADA FRANÇAIS. Leméac, 1972. $13.70. Acritical survey of French Canadian literature for children, similar to Egoff's **The Republic of Childhood**.

Livesay, Dorothy. COLLECTED POEMS: the two seasons. McGraw, 1972. $14.95, $6.50 paper. Drawn from eleven previously published volumes and a large body of unpublished work, this is the most complete and definitive source of the poet's work — her psychic autobiography through the years 1926 to 1971.

Loranger, Francoise. UNE MAISON, UN JOUR. Cercle du Livre de France, 1965. $2.50. An elderly man, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, faces death.

McCourt, Edward. MUSIC AT THE CLOSE. McClelland & Stewart, 1966. $1.95 paper. A young man's dreams while growing up on the prairies between the wars are contrasted with the realities: a cruel environment, poverty, and loneliness.

MacEwen, Gwendolyn. THE SHADOW MAKER. Macmillan, 1969. $4.75 paper. Poems from the 'shut palaces of the mind.'

MacLennan, Hugh. THE WATCH THAT ENDS THE NIGHT. New American Library, 1961. $1.25 paper. An absorbing novel partly based on the life of Norman Bethune, the Montreal doctor who aided the Communists in the Spanish and Chinese civil wars.

Macpherson, Jay. THE BOATMAN AND OTHER POEMS. Oxford, 1968. $3.25 paper. These 80 short poems range in mood from quiet irony to earthy wit and combine elements of Greek mythology, Elizabethan lyrics, English nursery rhymes and riddles.

Maillet, Antonine. DON L'ORIGNAL. Leméac, 1972. $3.50. An Acadian writes in 'chiac' her best novel on humanity, its goodness and innocence.

Major, Henriette. A LA CONQUETE DU TEMPS. Education nouvelle, 1970. $2.00. Uncle Horace's new invention transports a young brother and sister team back to the Montreal of 1689 then an Indian village where they meet Etienne Brûlé.

Mandel, Eli, comp. FIVE MODERN CANADIAN POETS. Holt, 1970. $1.40. Contents Earle Birney; Irving Layton; Al Purdy; Margaret Atwood and Leonard Cohen.

Mandel, Eli, comp. EIGHT MORE CANADIAN POETS. Holt, 1972. $1.75 paper. Contents: Margaret Avison; Ray Souster; Eli Mandel; Milton Acorn; James Reaney; Phyllis Webb; D.G. Jones and Jay Macpherson.

Marcotte, Gilles. UNE LITTERATURE QUI SE FAIT. Hamish Hamilton, 1962. $2.50. For this critic French Canadian literature cannot be dissociated from the social context.

Markoosie. HARPOON OF THE HUNTER. McGill, 1970. $4.95. Published in French: LE HARPON DU CHASSEUR. Cercle du livre, 1971. The first novel by an Eskimo writer, first written in Eskimo, then translated into English and French versions. J

Martel, Suzanne. SURREAL 3000. Editions Jeunesse, 1971. $2.00. Fascinating science fiction describing the life of Montrealers sheltered under Mount Royal after an atomic war has destroyed the city and their new city, Surréal, is also threatened by destruction. J

Martin, Claire. DANS UN GANT DE FER. Cercle du livre, 1965. $2.50. The author's experiences of love and hate as a child and as a woman in a particular French-Canadian milieu.

Melzack, Ronald. THE DAY TUK BECAME A HUNTER AND OTHER ESKIMO STORIES. McClelland & Stewart, 1967. $5.50. Eskimo legends which reflect the harshness of life in the far north. J

Metcalf, John. GOING DOWN SLOW. McClelland, 1972. $6.95. An Englishman teaching at a Canadian high school battles his disgust at the educational system and his passion for a lissome senior student.

Mitchell, William O. WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND? Macmillan, 1960. $1.95 paper. A small boy's life on the prairies during the Thirties is described as if through his own eyes in a style that is unpretentious yet eloquently lyrical.

Moore, Brian. THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. McClelland, 1972. $1.95. A dreamy Irishman in Montreal, beset by marital and financial troubles, remains undaunted in his chase, often comic or absurd, for illusory success and prosperity.

Morriseau, Norval. LEGENDS OF MY PEOPLE, THE GREAT OJIBWAY. McGraw, 1965. $7.25. Morriseau is an Indian artist and writer.

Mowat, Farley M. THE DOG WHO WOULDN'T BE. Little, 1957. $7.25. J. The author's childhood was shared by a personable dog, an independent spirit that added fun to a boy's carefree life.

Munro, Alice. DANCE OF THE HAPPY SHADES. McGraw, 1968. $7.25. Perceptive short stories about everyday life in rural Ontario.

New, W.H. ARTICULATING WEST: essays on purpose and form in modern Canadian literature. New Press, 1972. $7.50.

Newlove, John. LIES. McClelland, 1972. $4.95. Self-deception is the theme of these award winning poems.

Nichols, Ruth. THE MARROW OF THE WORLD, illus. by Trina Schart. Macmillan, 1972. $5.95. A compelling fantasy about a boy and girl who are drawn into a strange, different world where they have to fight the forces of evil. J

Nowlan, Alden. BREAD, WINE AND SALT. Clarke, 1967. $3.50. 'Exquisite insight' into mind and experience through poetry.

Ondaatje, Michael. THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BILLY THE KID: left handed poems. Anansi, 1970. $6.50, $2.95 paper. Using an effective combination of poetry and prose, documentation and imagination, Ondaatje portrays the gruesome life and death of the legendary left-handed killer.

Pacey, Desmond. CREATIVE WRITING IN CANADA. McGraw, 1968. $3.25 paper.

Pacey, Desmond. ESSAYS IN CANADIAN CRITICISM, 1938-68. McGraw, 1969. $7.00.

Paradis, Suzanne. LES HAUTS CRIS. Diaspora française, 1960. $3.25. Poetical prose on love and art.

Peter, John D. TAKE HANDS AT WINTER. Doubleday, 1967. $5.95. A young Englishman achieves his lifelong ambition to emigrate to Canada and finds fulfillment in Saskatchewan.

Pratt, Edwin J. SELECTED POEMS. Ed. by Peter Buitenhuis, Macmillan, 1968. $1.95 paper. Pratt sees life in the heroic terms of a Christian humanist; despite the destructive forces arrayed against him man has the capacity to triumph.

Reaney, James. POEMS, ed. by Germaine Warkentin. New Press, 1972. $17.50. Reaney's poems combine childlike gaiety with intellectual sophistication. This collection is introduced with a thoughtful critical essay by Germaine Warkentin.

Reid, Dorothy M. TALES OF NANABOZHO. Oxford, 1963. $3.75. J. Mrs. Reid has done an unusually fine work of retelling Ojibway legends.

Richler, Mordecai. ST. URBAIN'S HORSEMAN. McClelland, 1971. $7.95. A bawdy, satirical novel about a TV director from a Montreal ghetto and some wild characters revelling in London's expatriate life.

Robb, Dodi and Pat Patterson. THE POPCORN MAN; a one-act musical play for children with music by Pat Patterson. New Press, 1972. $3.95. A short one acter that captures and keeps a child's rapt attention. J

Rosenblatt, Joe. BUMBLEBEE DITHYRAMB. Press Porcepic, 1972. $6.95. Exuberant sound poetry about insects, flowers, fish, sex, Uncle Nathan, and politics.

Roussan, Jacques de. AU DELA DU SOLEIL/BEYOND THE SUN. Tundra, 1972. $7.95. A bilingual picture book of a little boy's imaginary space flight illustrated in glowing colours. J

Roy, Gabrielle. ALEXANDRE CHENEVERT. Beauchemin, 1954. $3.95. A Montreal narrative about a timorous bank clerk. Translation: THE CASHIER. McClelland, 1955. $5.00. Also known for LA PETITE POULE D'EAU. Montreal, Beauchemin, 1964. $3.90 in English WHERE NESTS THE WATER HEN. McClelland, $1.95.

Ryga, George. THE ECSTASY OF RITA JOE AND OTHER PLAYS. New Press, 1970. $8.00, $3.00 paper. Ryga champions the Indian in our society in the title play and in INDIAN; GRASS AND WILD STRAWBERRIES dramatizes the hippie culture conflict with the middle class.

Sauvageau, Yves. WOUF WOUF. Leméac, 1972. $2.25. A most promising young author from the Eastern Townships finally manages to have his play published before his death.

Savard, Félix-Antoine. LA DALLE DES MORTS. Fides, 1965. $4.00. A powerful drama, in the style of the author's novel: MENAUD, MAITRE DRAVEUR (BOSS OF THE RIVER).

Scott, F.R. SELECTED POEMS. Oxford, 1966. $4.75. Witty satires, tender evocations of love, nature verses and poems reflecting Scott's social concerns make up this choice collection taken from volumes published between 1945 and 1964.

Scott, F.R. and A.J.M. Smith. THE BLASTED PINE: an anthology of satire, invective and disrespectful verse. Macmillan, 1967. $5.95, $2.95 paper. Two literary veterans on an irreverent romp.

Shek, Ben-Zion. SOCIAL REALISM IN THE FRENCH-CANADIAN NOVEL. Harvest House, 1974. $8.50.

Simpson, Leo. THE PEACOCK PAPERS. Macmillan, 1973. $6.95. Ribald satire on middle class small town life — involving the public library and Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866).

Smith, A.J.M. MASKS OF FICTION. McClelland, 1962. $2.25 paper.

Smith, A.J.M. MASKS OF POETRY. McClelland, 1962. $1.95 paper.

Smith, A.J.M. ed. OXFORD BOOK OF CANADIAN VERSE. Oxford, 1965. $8.50, $3.25 paper. Valuable critical and historical introduction and a selection of French and English verse from early settlers to 1960.

Souster, Raymond. SELECTED POEMS. Oberon, 1972. $5.95, $2.95 paper. He makes us see ourselves and the everyday world we live in, more clearly and more honestly than we ever have before.

Stevens, James. SACRED LEGENDS OF THE SANDY LAKE CREE. McClelland, 1971. $6.95. Retold by a shaman's grandson and pictured by him — a vital Indian artist.

Stump, Sarain. THERE IS MY PEOPLE SLEEPING; the ethnic poem-drawings of Sarain Stump. Gray, 1970. $9.50. Shoshone, Cree and Salish origins influence the themes and forms of these poems and drawings.

Sutherland, Ronald. SECOND IMAGE. New Press, 1971. $7.50.

Takashima, Shizuye. A CHILD IN PRISON CAMP. Tundra, 1971. $7.95. A sensitive Japanese artist recalls her childhood in a BC internment camp.

Thériault, Yves. AGAGUK. Institute littéraire de Québec, 1958. $3.00. The evolution of a solitary Eskimo couple who overcome some barbarian customs of their tribe.

Tremblay, Michel. LES BELLES-SOEURS. Holt, 1968. $2.00. This French-Canadian playwright also adapts foreign plays with masterly art.

Valliéres, Pierre. NEGRES BLANCS D'AMERIQUE. Parti-Pris, 1968. $3.50. The justification of a passionate commitment to the F.L.Q.

Vigneault, Gilles. ETRAVES. Editions de l'Arc, 1959. $2.75. Famous here and abroad as a chansonnier, Vigneault remains our great contemporary poet.

Waddington, Miriam. DRIVING HOME. Oxford, 1972. $2.95 paper. In vivid imagery, aided by her experiences as teacher and social worker, she analyses attitudes between man and woman, man and country, parent and child.

Watson, Sheila. THE DOUBLE HOOK. McClelland, 1966. $1.75 paper. 'A first novel, experimental in style and imbued with the sombre poetic quality of a folk ballad.'

Wilson, Ethel. SWAMP ANGEL. McClelland & Stewart, 1962, $1.95 paper. The story of the rebirth of a bruised and desperate woman after her escape from a humiliating marriage, told with warmth and greatness of heart.

Winter, Jack. THE ISLAND. Fiddlehead, 1973. $2.50 paper. Poetic impressions of PEI by the successful playwright of Party Day, Before Compiègne and other plays.

Woodcock, George. THE SIXTIES; writers and writing of the decade; a symposium to celebrate the Tenth Anniversary of Canadian Literature. UBC Press, 1969. $3.50.

Wright, Richard B. THE WEEKEND MAN. Macmillan, 1970. $6.95. An immature, unaware young man is baffled by the realities of modern business and city life.

Wyczynski, Paul. EMILE NELLIGAN, SOURCES ET ORIGINALITE DE SON OEUVRE. Université d'Ottawa, 1967. $4.50. Present director of the Department of French Canadian literature at the University of Ottawa, the author is an authority on Nelligan.

Zieroth, Dale. CLEARING; poems from a journey. Anansi, 1973. $6.00. The poet expresses 'his own time in history.'

Reference

Fulford, Robert ed. READ CANADIAN; a book about Canadian books. James Lewis and Samuel, 1972. $1.95 paper.

Grandpré, Pierre de. DIX ANS DE VIE LITTERAIRE AU CANADA FRANCAIS (1955-1965). Beauchemin, 1966. $3.95. Prominent author, critic and professor, he has since published HISTOIRE DE LA LITTERATURE FRANCAISE DU QUEBEC in 4 volumes, the best up to date survey of French Canadian literature.

Klinck, Carl F. LITERARY HISTORY OF CANADA: Canadian Literature in English. UTP, 1965. $20.00.

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The Canadian Forum 56 Esplanade Street East, Toronto 1, Ontario. Published monthly. Subscription rate: $7.50 annually.

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